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CARLO

CARLO

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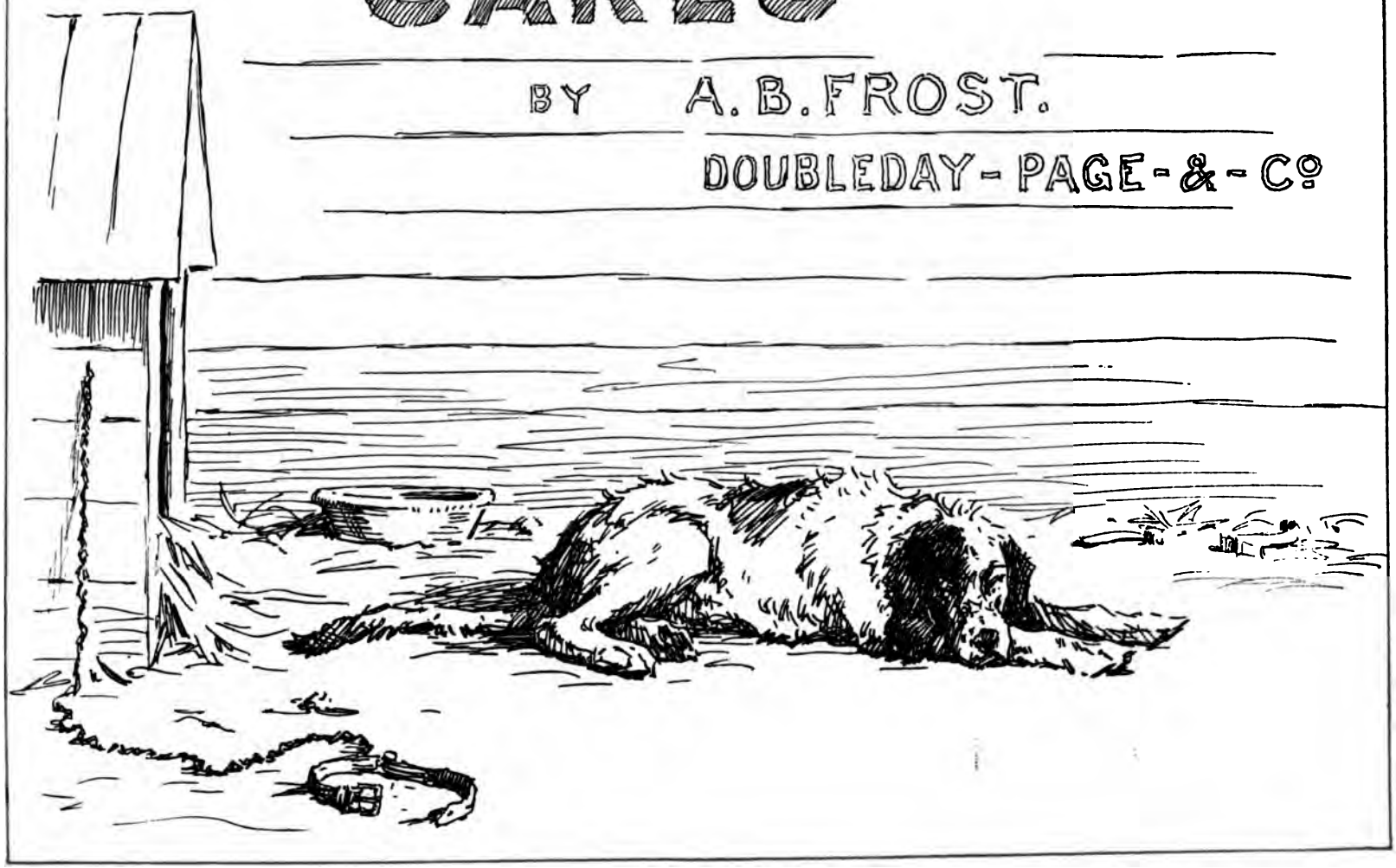

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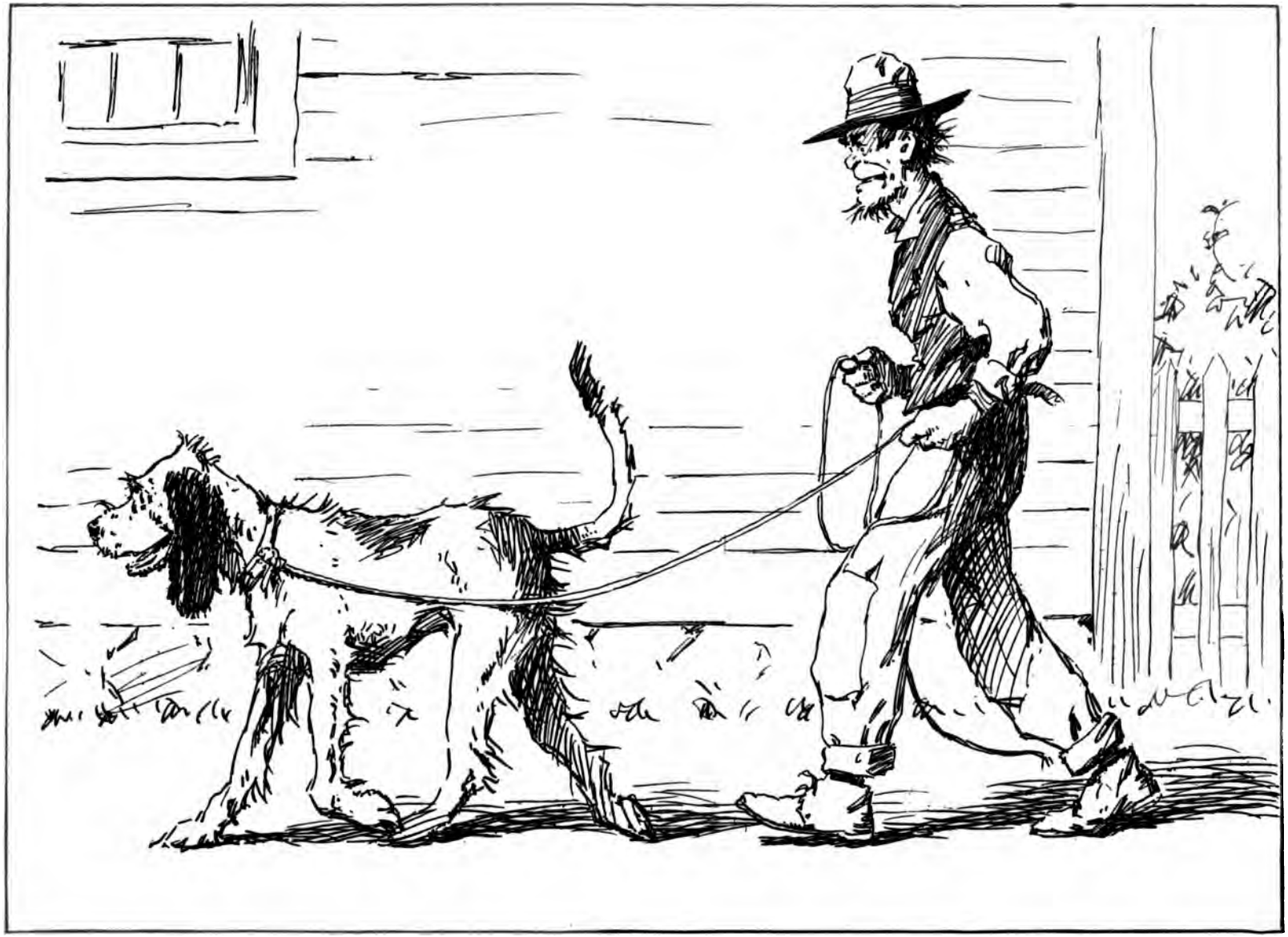
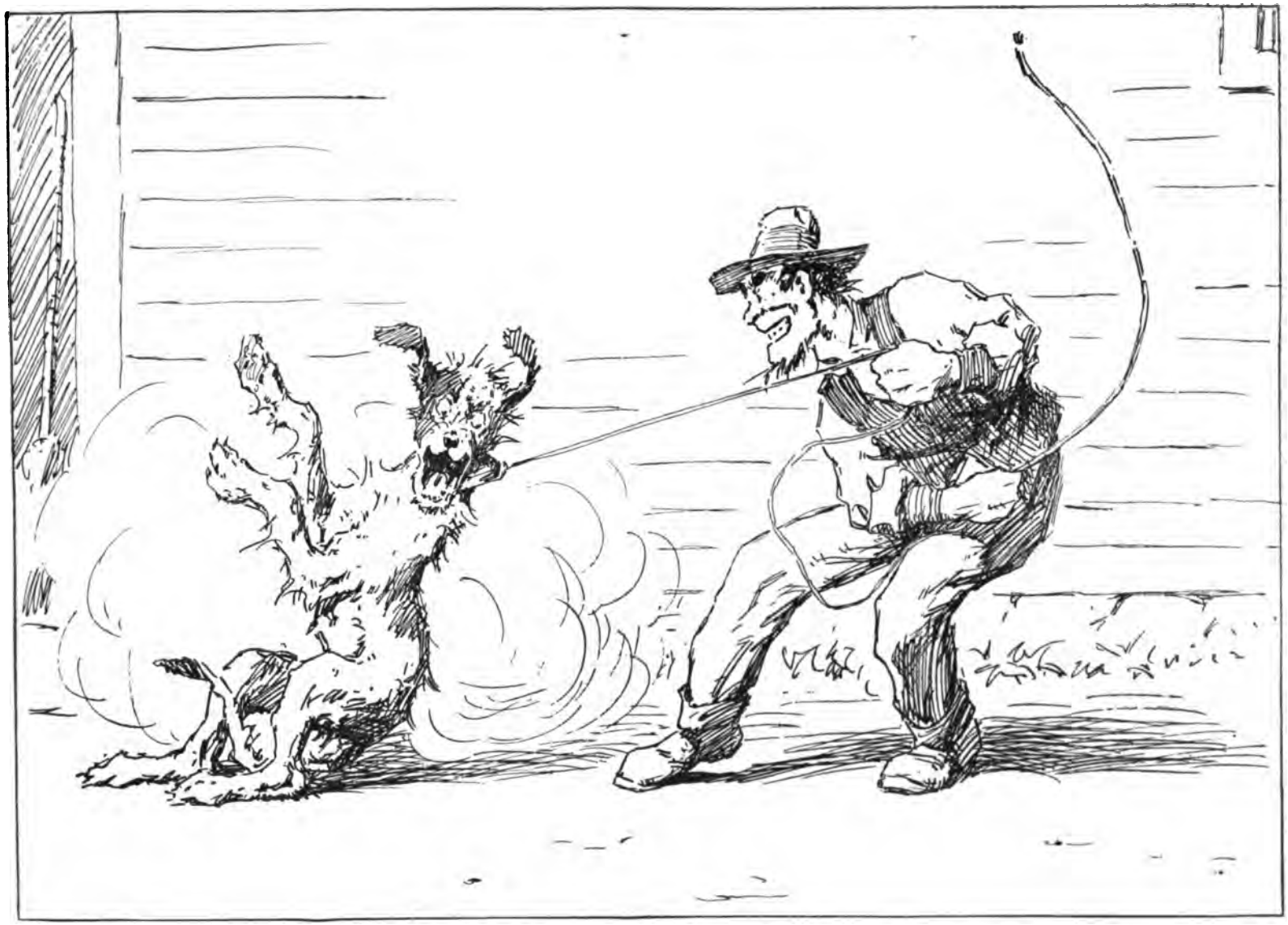
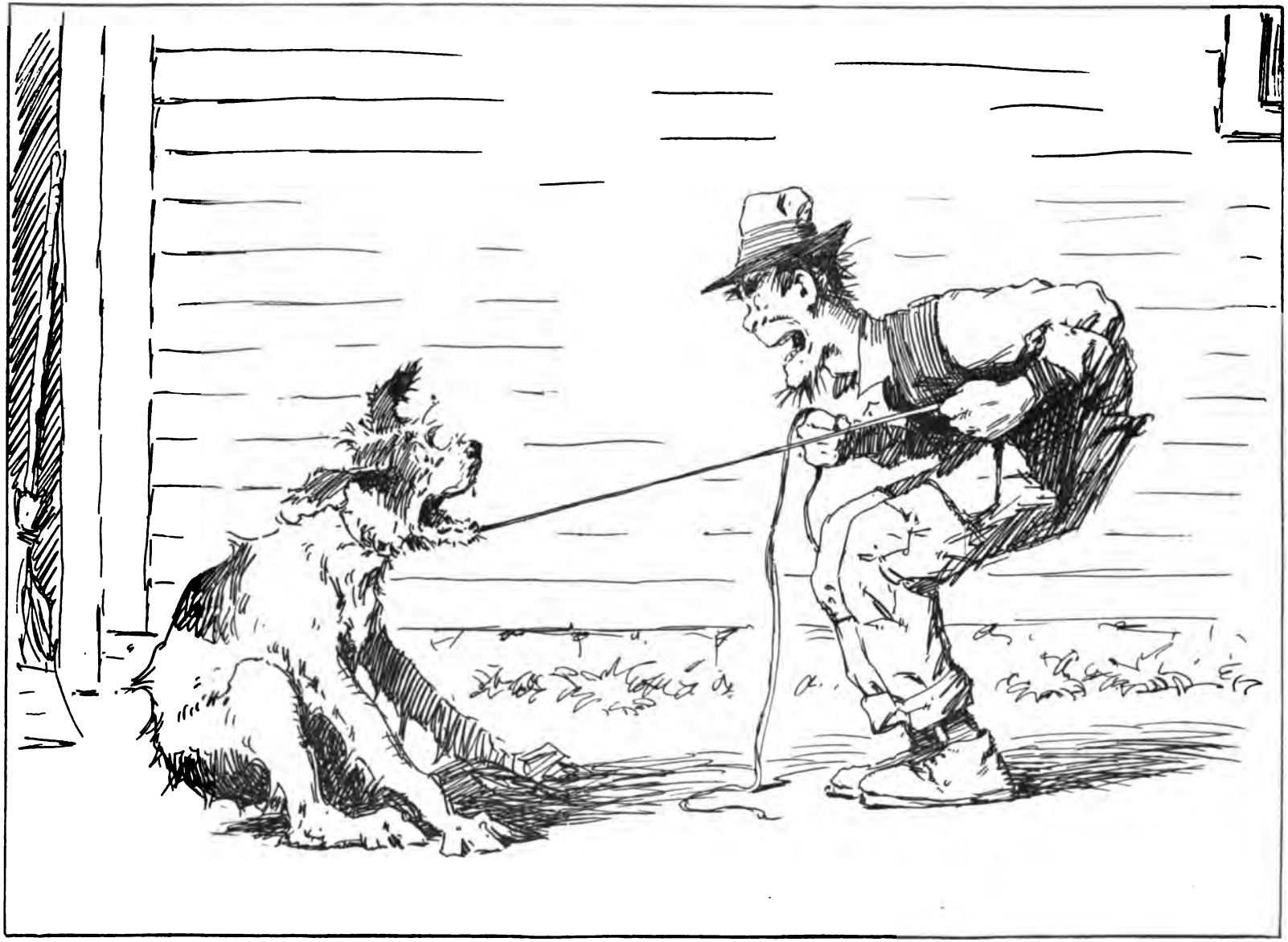
"I bought him as a playmate for the children. They will have some fine romps with him. The man who sold him to me assured me he was a thoroughbred — his name is Carlo. Patrick can tie him up for a few days until he feels at home."



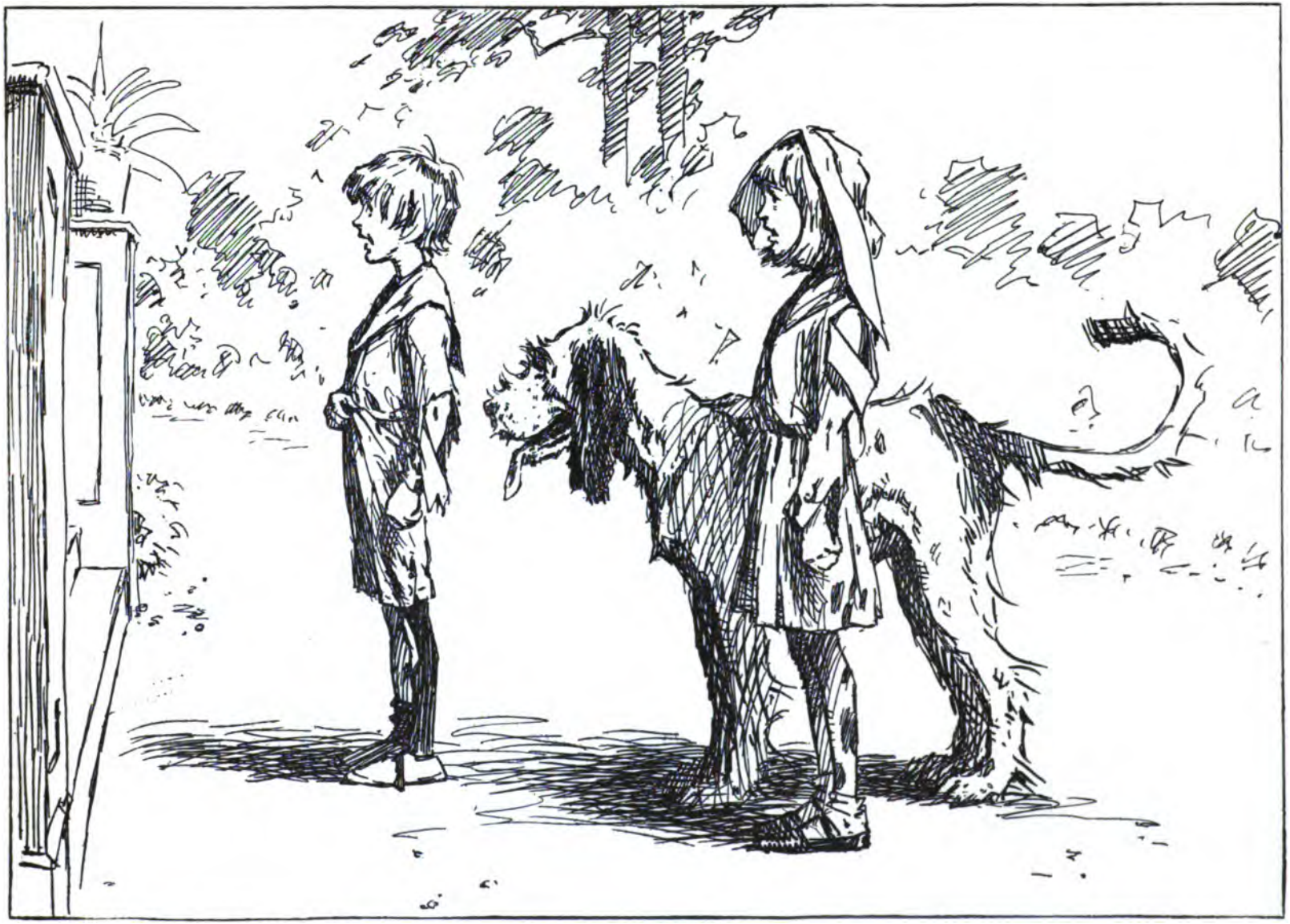
"Here's where my troubles begin. A foine gyardin I'll have wid *you* aroun'. I might as well start to git even wid you now, so ——"



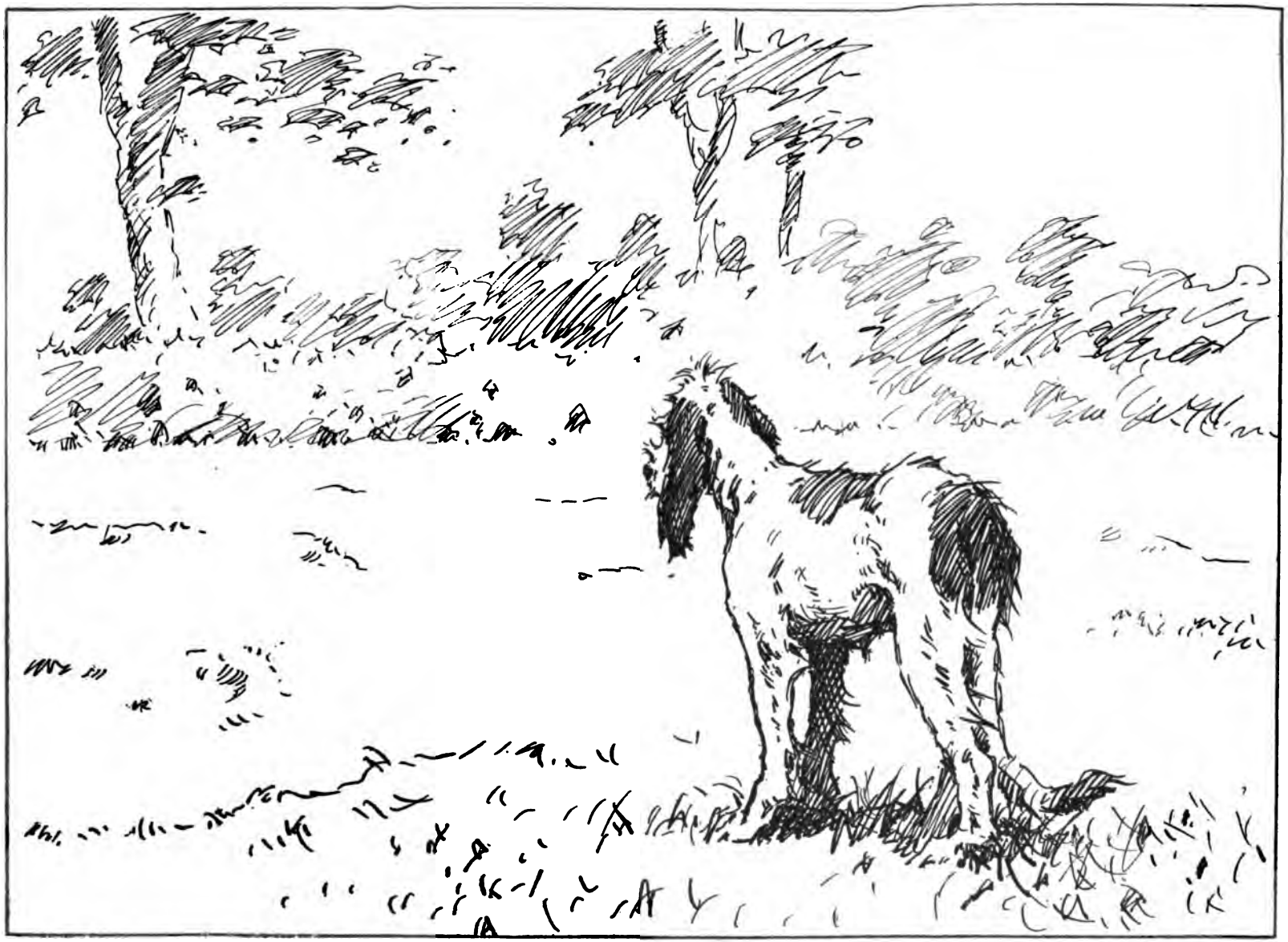
"— catch *that*, you thureybred!"



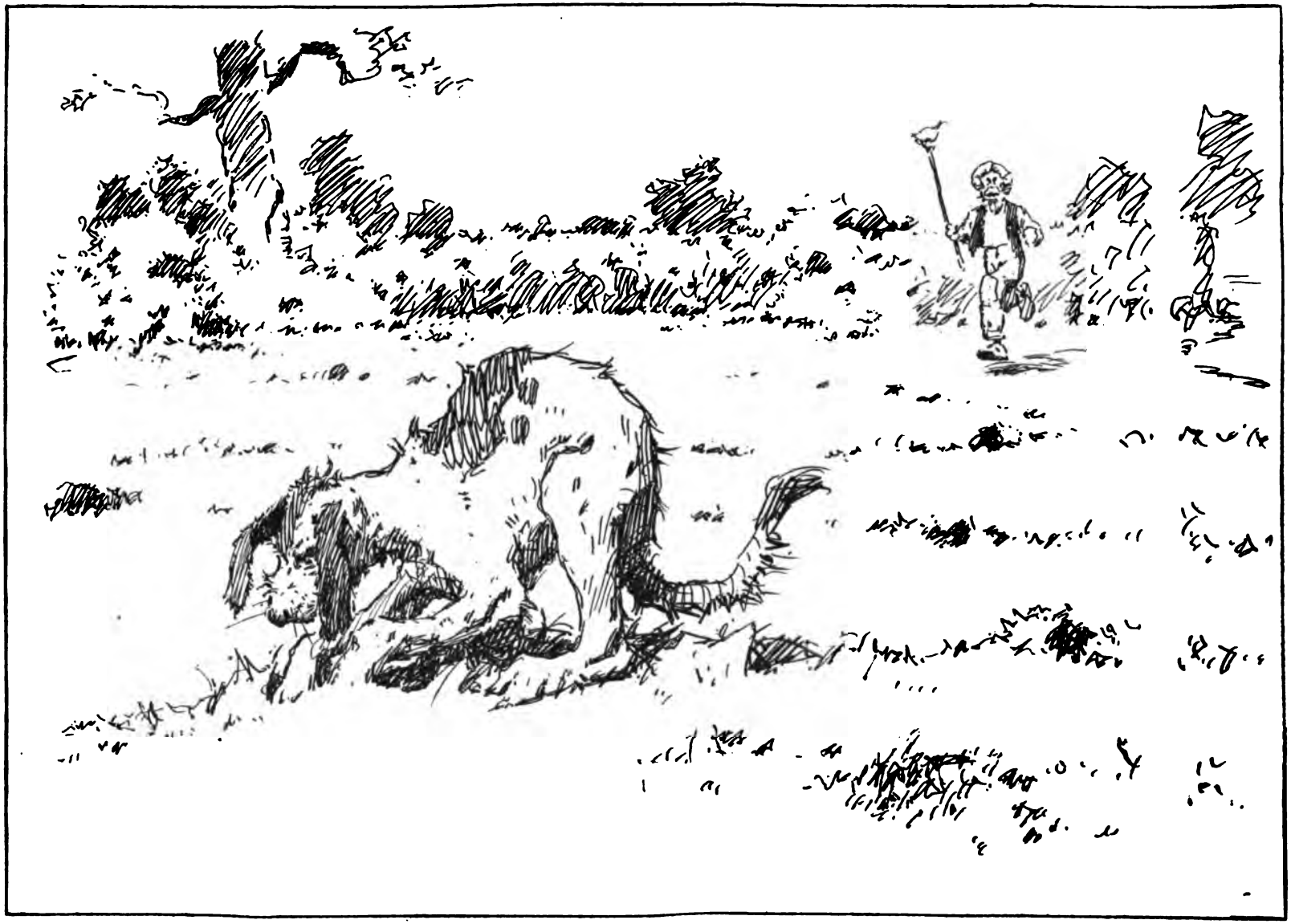
"Did yez take notice to *that?* Let me ketch you diggin' in my gyardin, an' there'll be more of thim comin' to you!"



"We've been romping with Carlo."

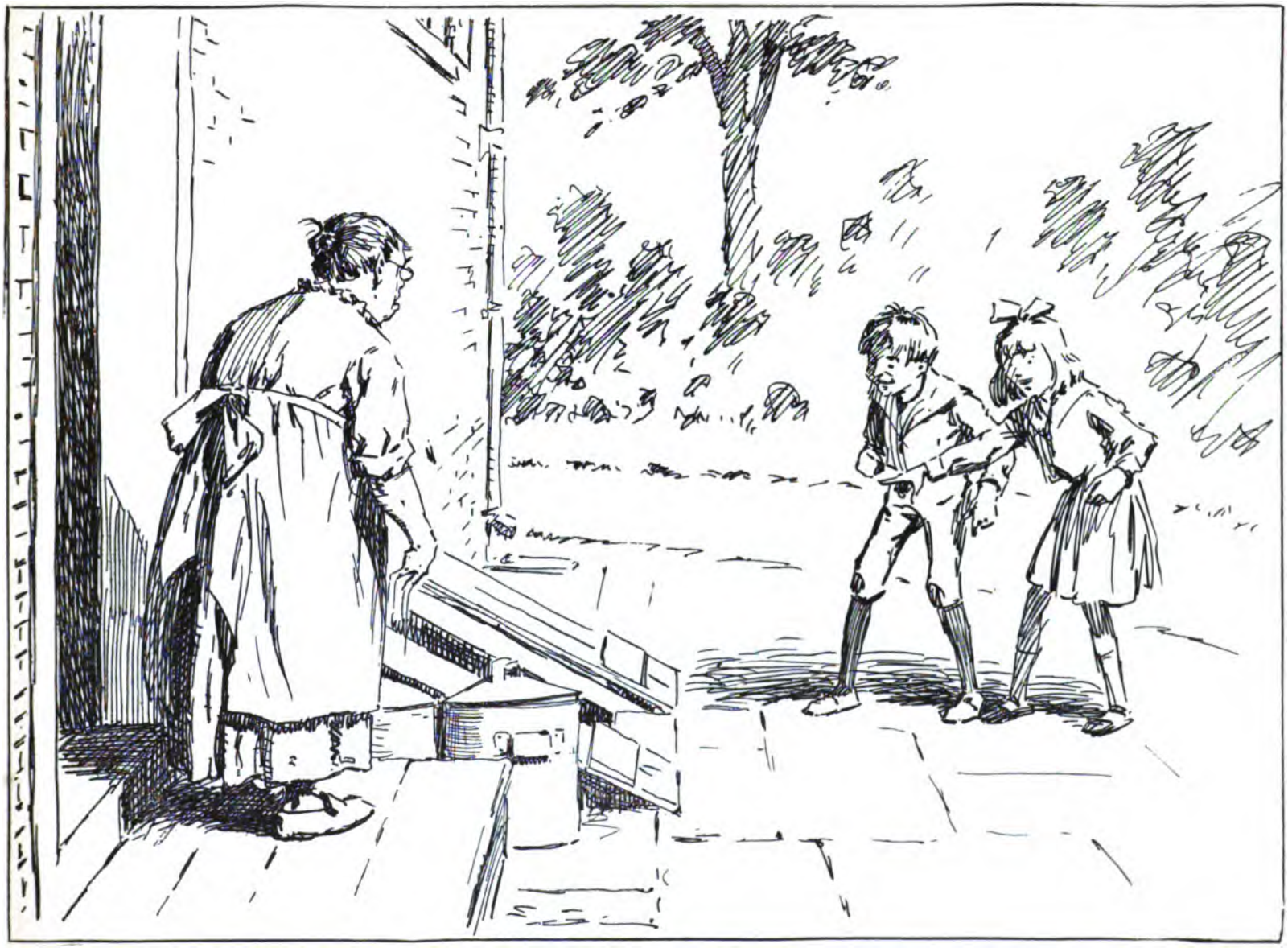


"I heard the Gardener say the moles were ruining his lawn. I'll dig that one out and then he'll like me."

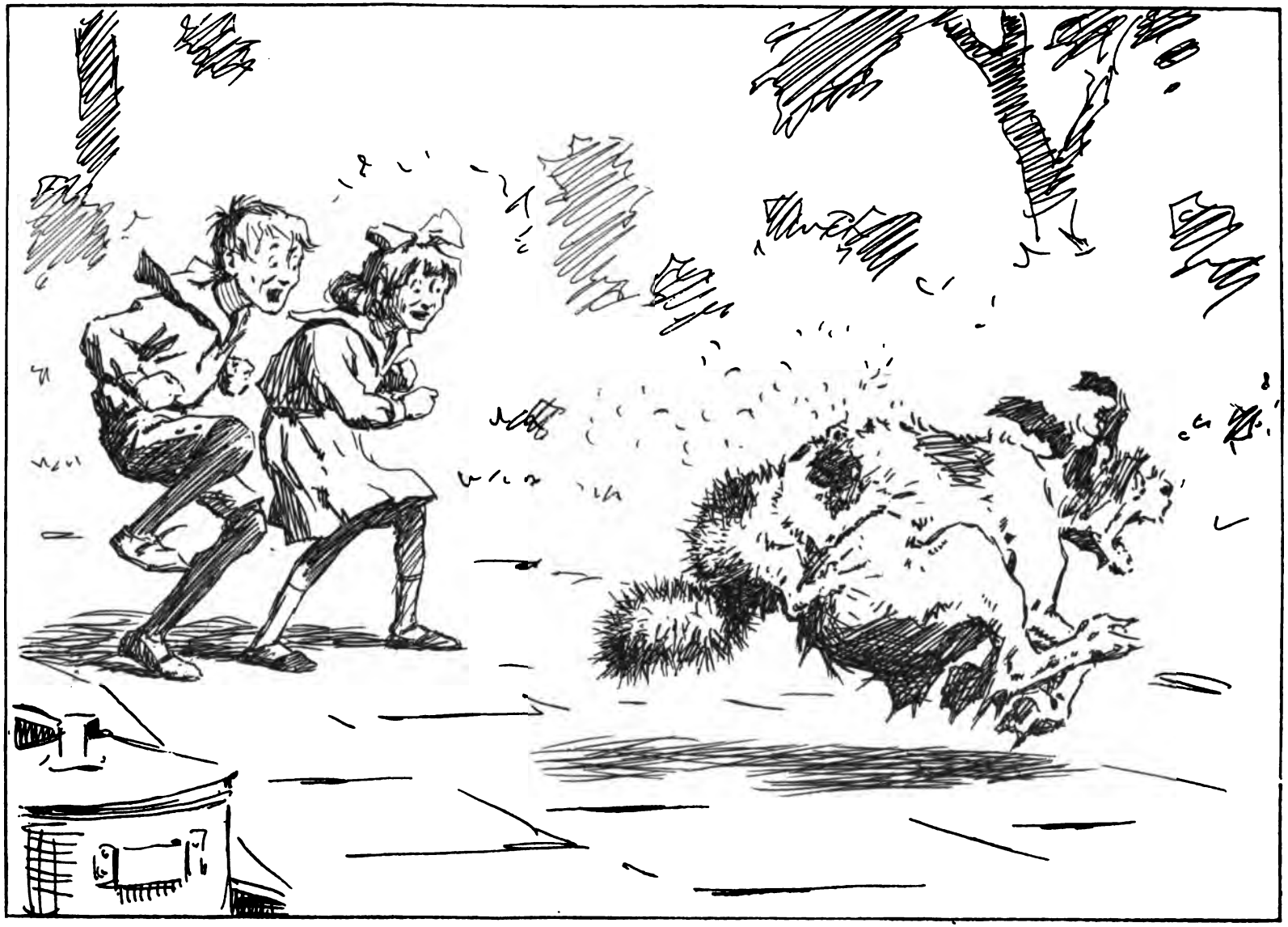


"I'll have him in about a minute!"

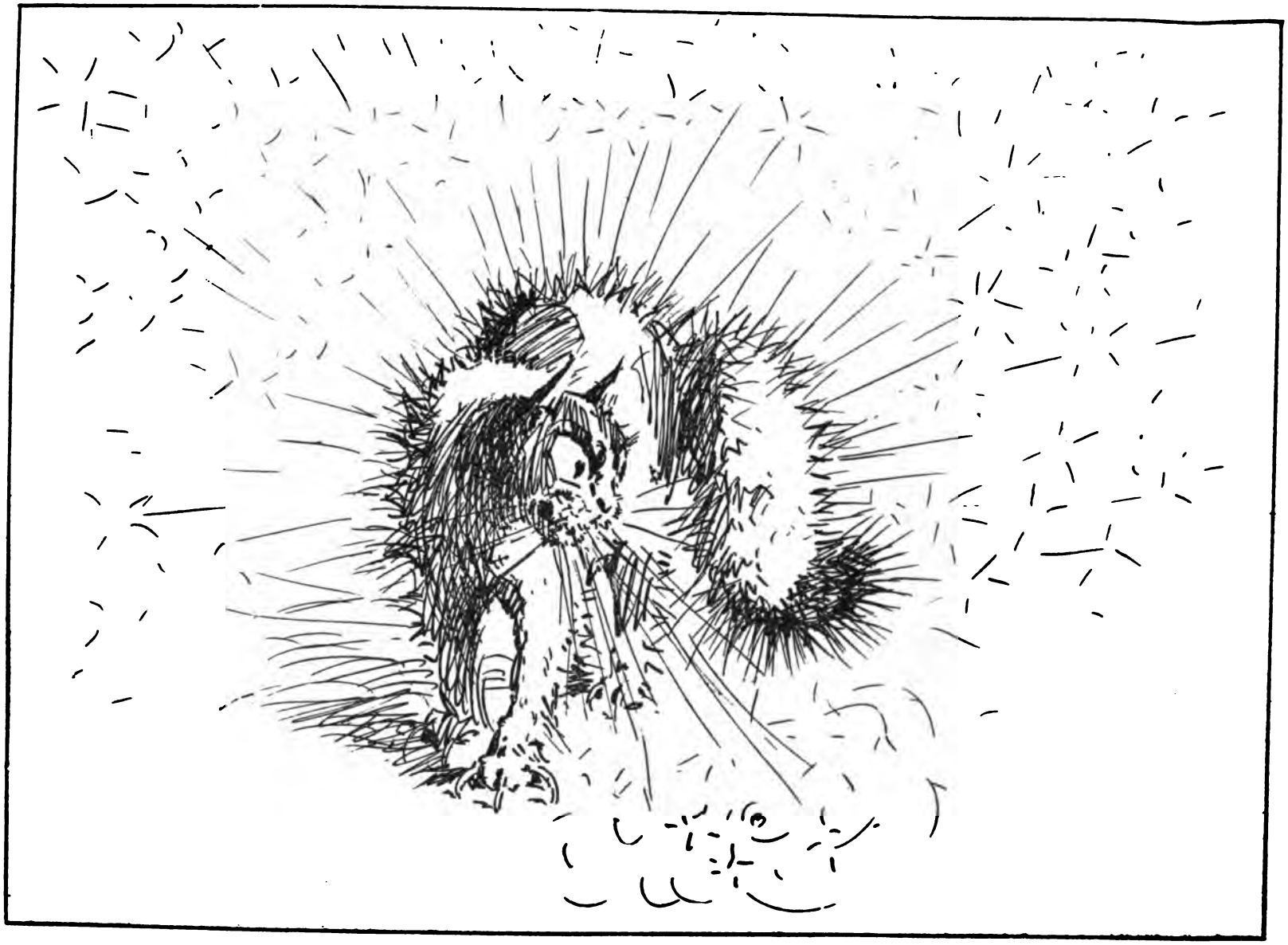
What Patrick said is not printable.



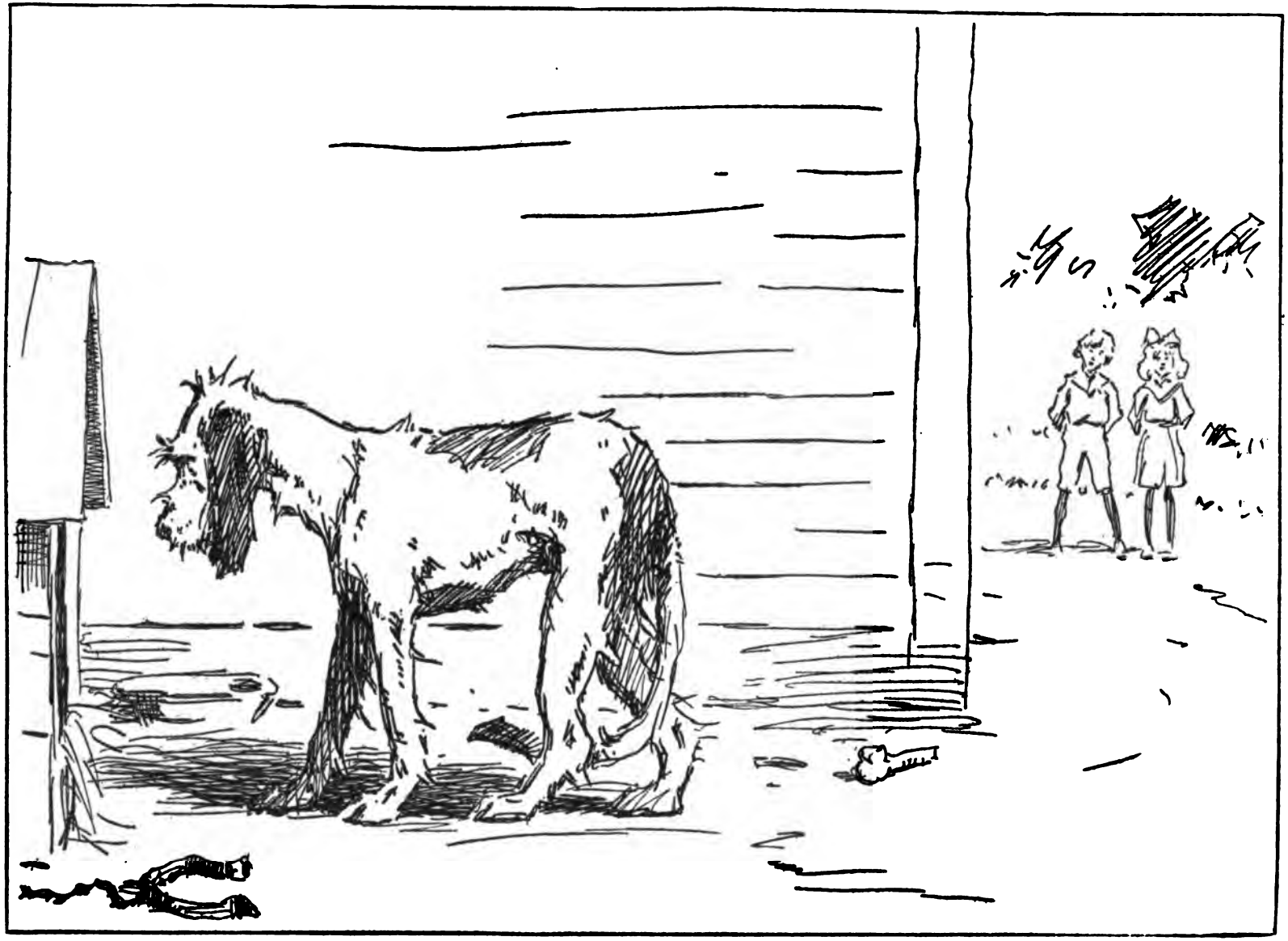
"For Hivin's sake, children! what's the awful noise?"
"Carlo chased Maria into the cellar, but he didn't know she kept her kittens there: isn't it lovely?"



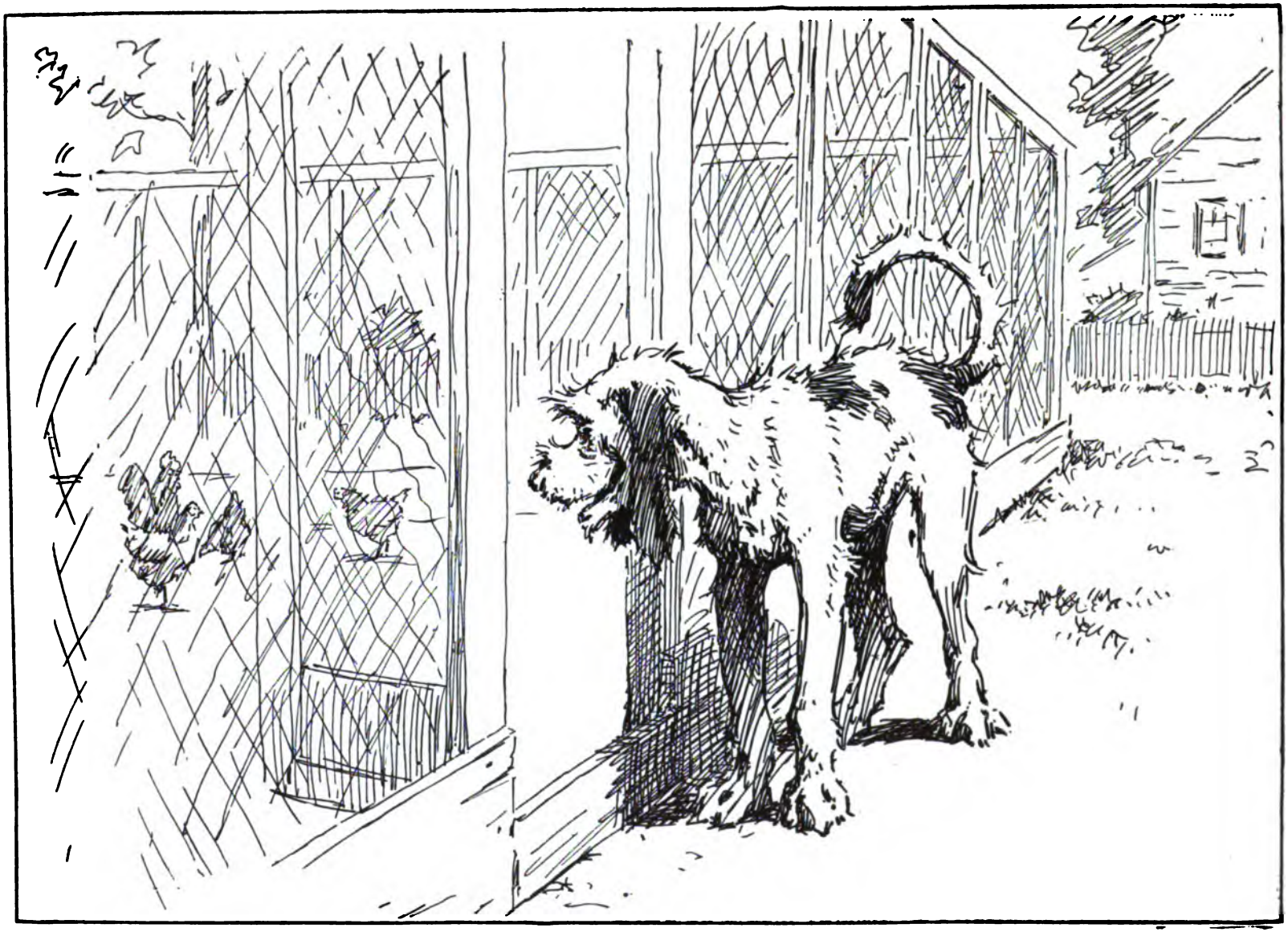
"Sic um, Maria! !"
"Give it to him, Maria! he tried to steal your kitties!"



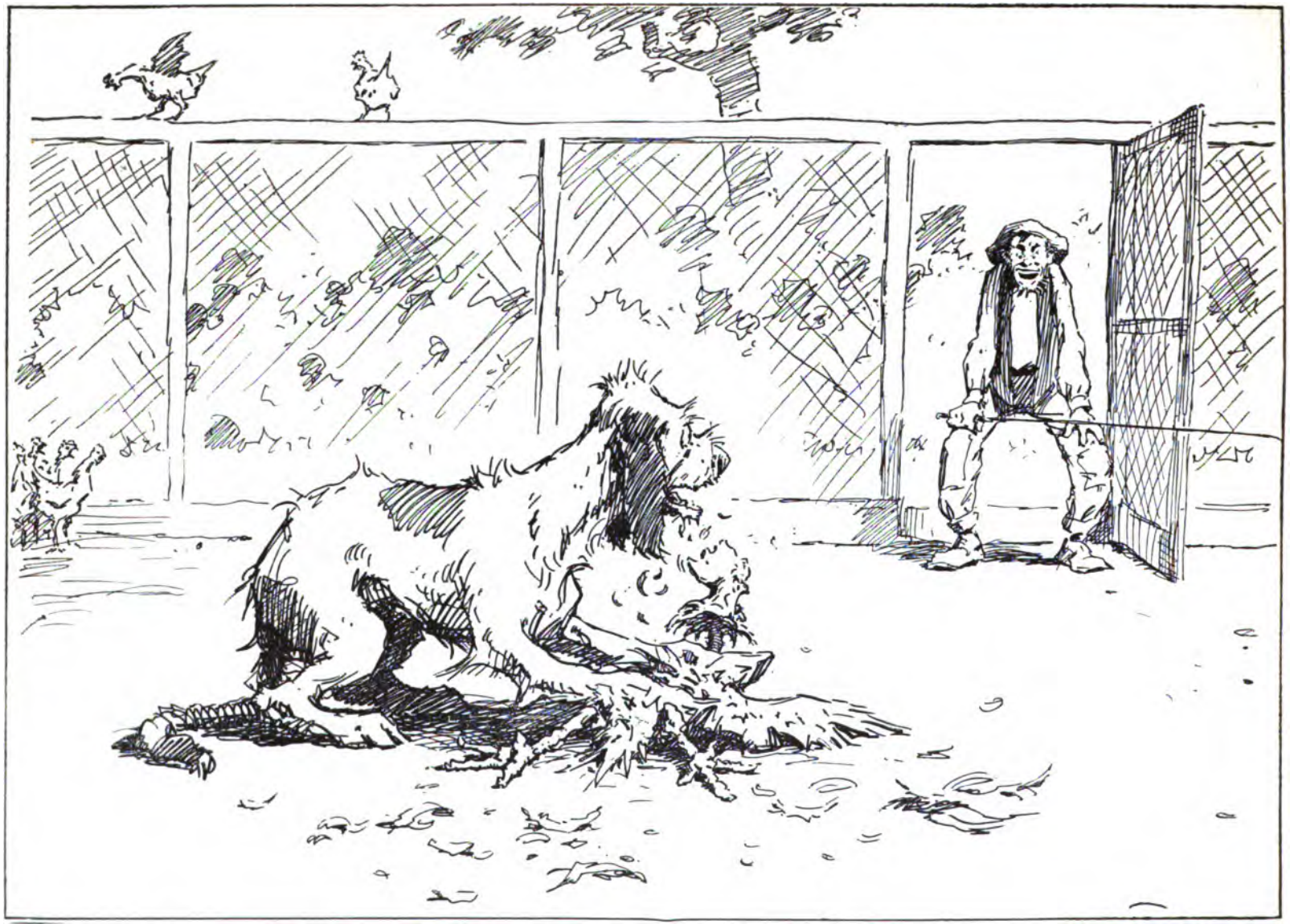
Maria returning to her kittens.



"Miaouw — wow — would Carlo like to have a kitty?"

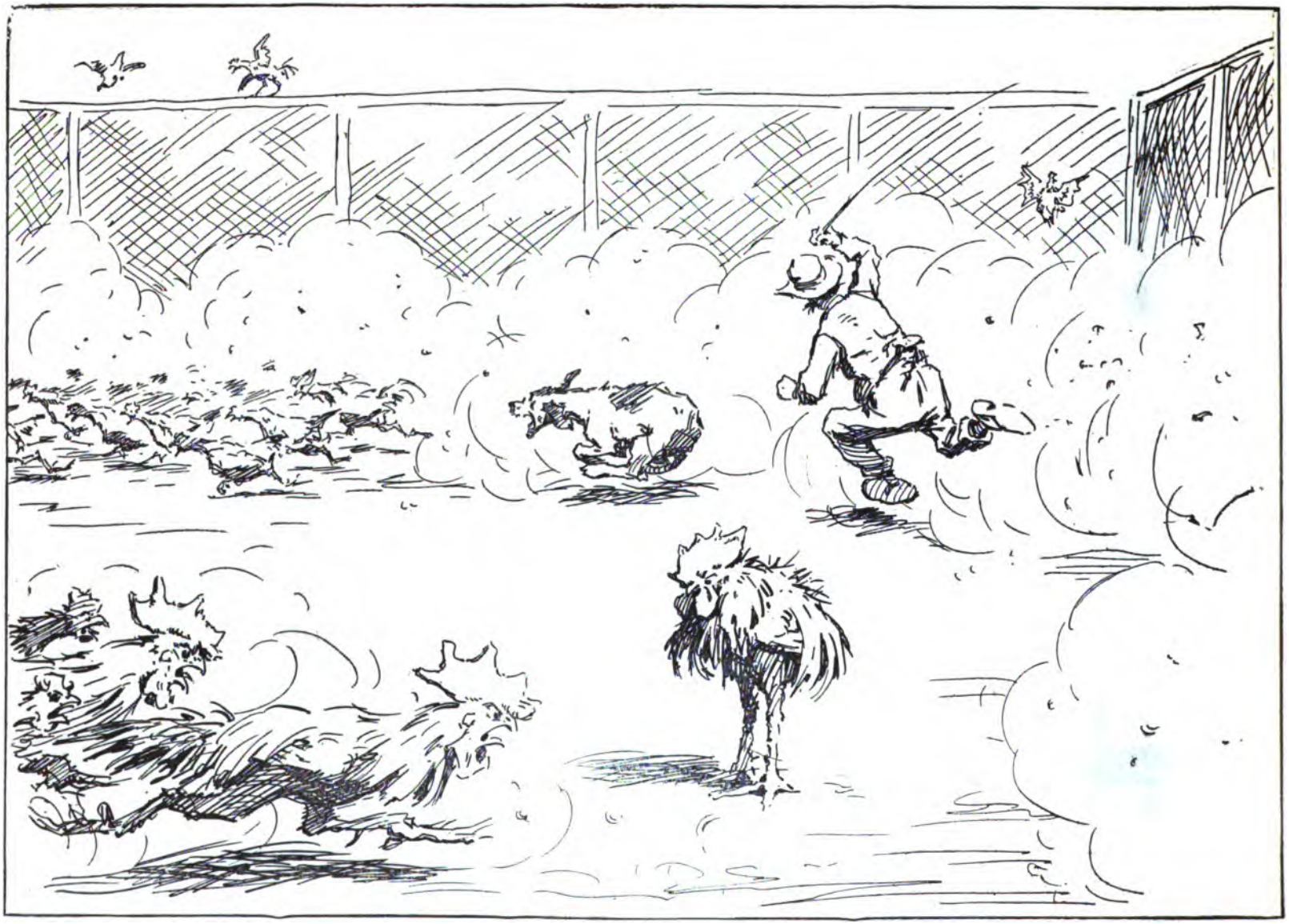


"Patrick has gone to the village and the gate is open. I *must* have some fun with the chickens. I know I'll get in trouble, but something makes me do it."

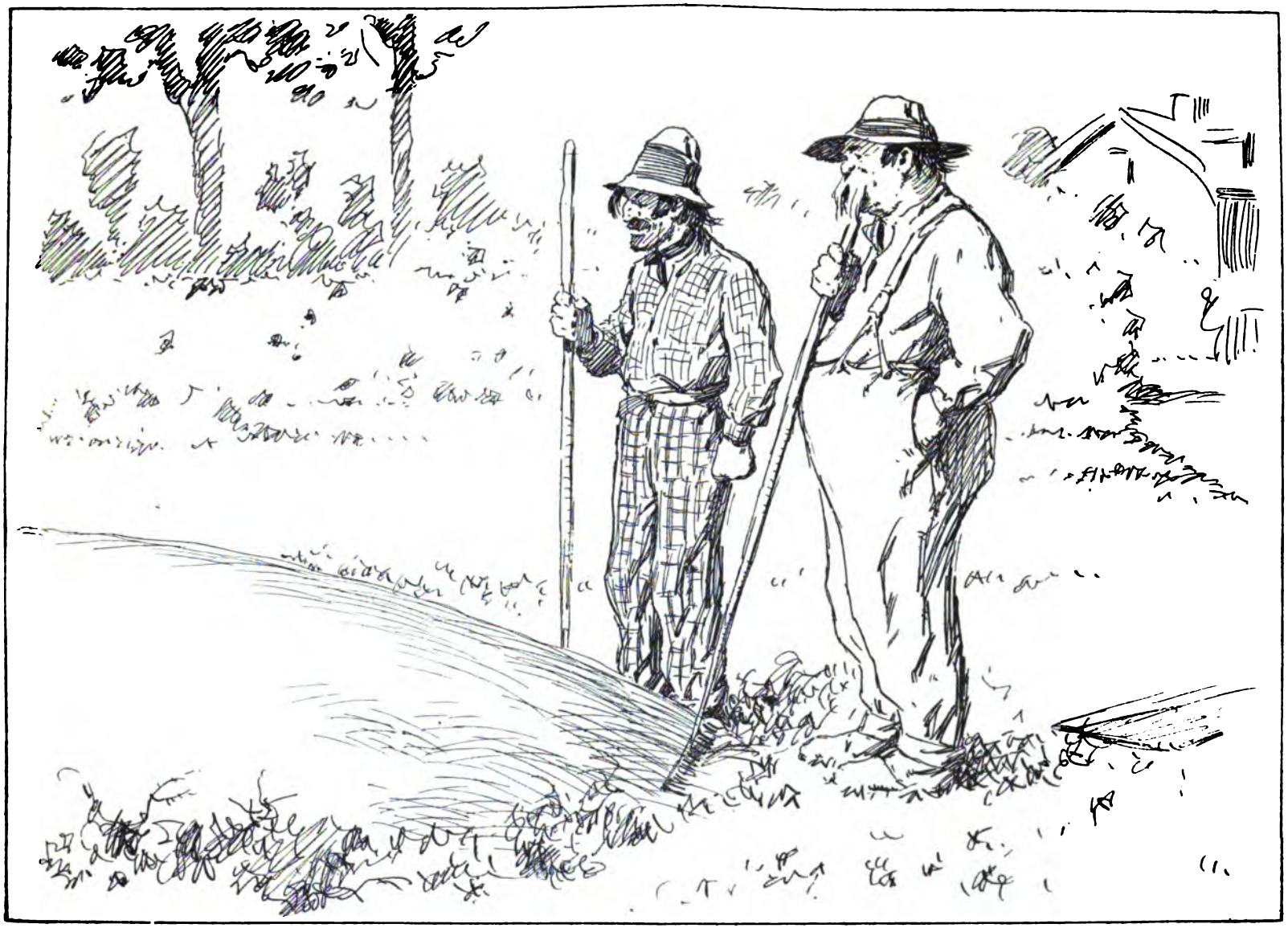


"Good mornin', Carlo! You thought I was away, didn't you? I'm not — I'm here — wid you!"

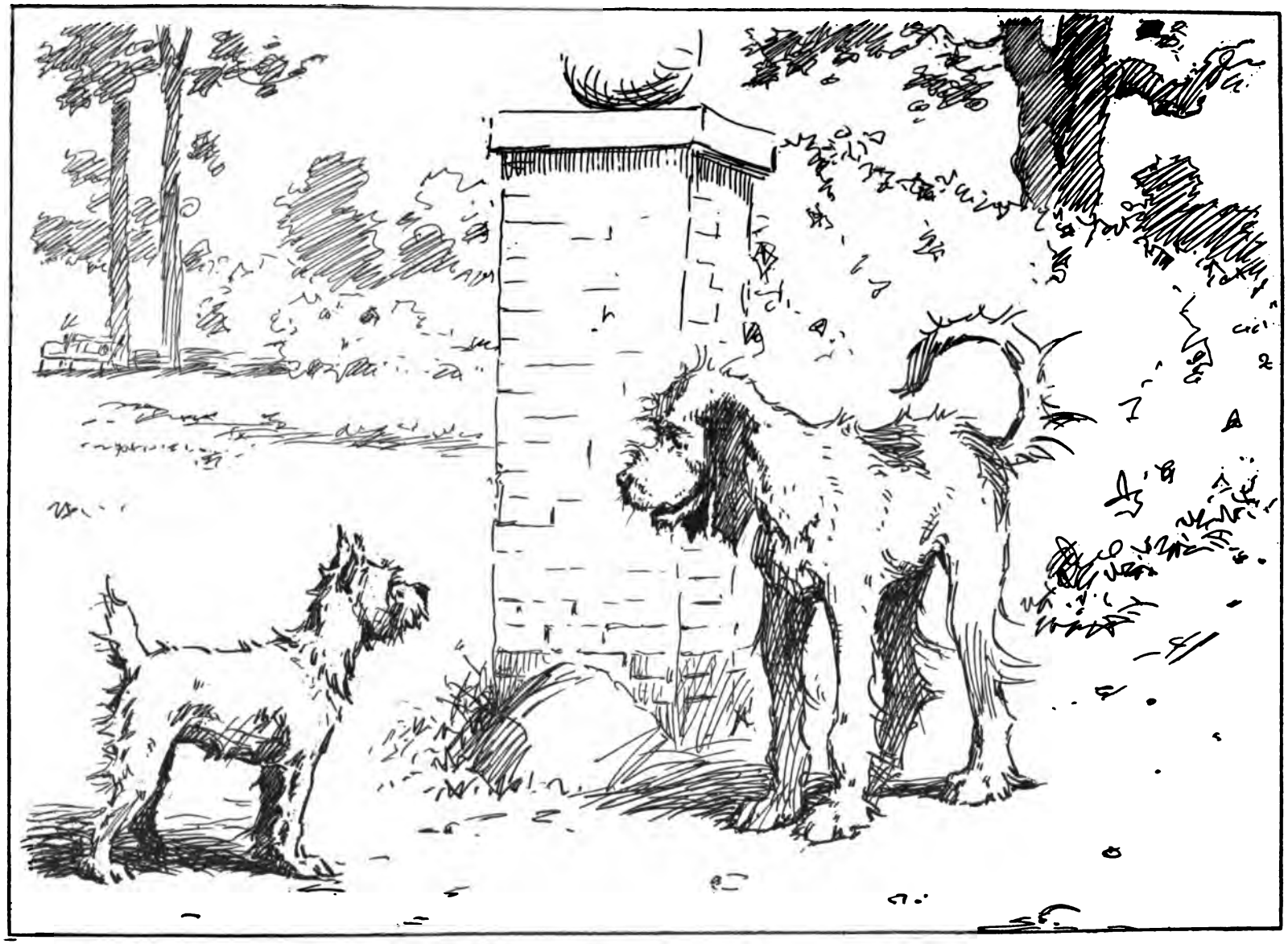
"You jist dropped in to have a little fun, didn't you? You shall have it."



The groggy one: "I don't know what that awful dog did to me, but I seem to have the most terrible noises in my head."

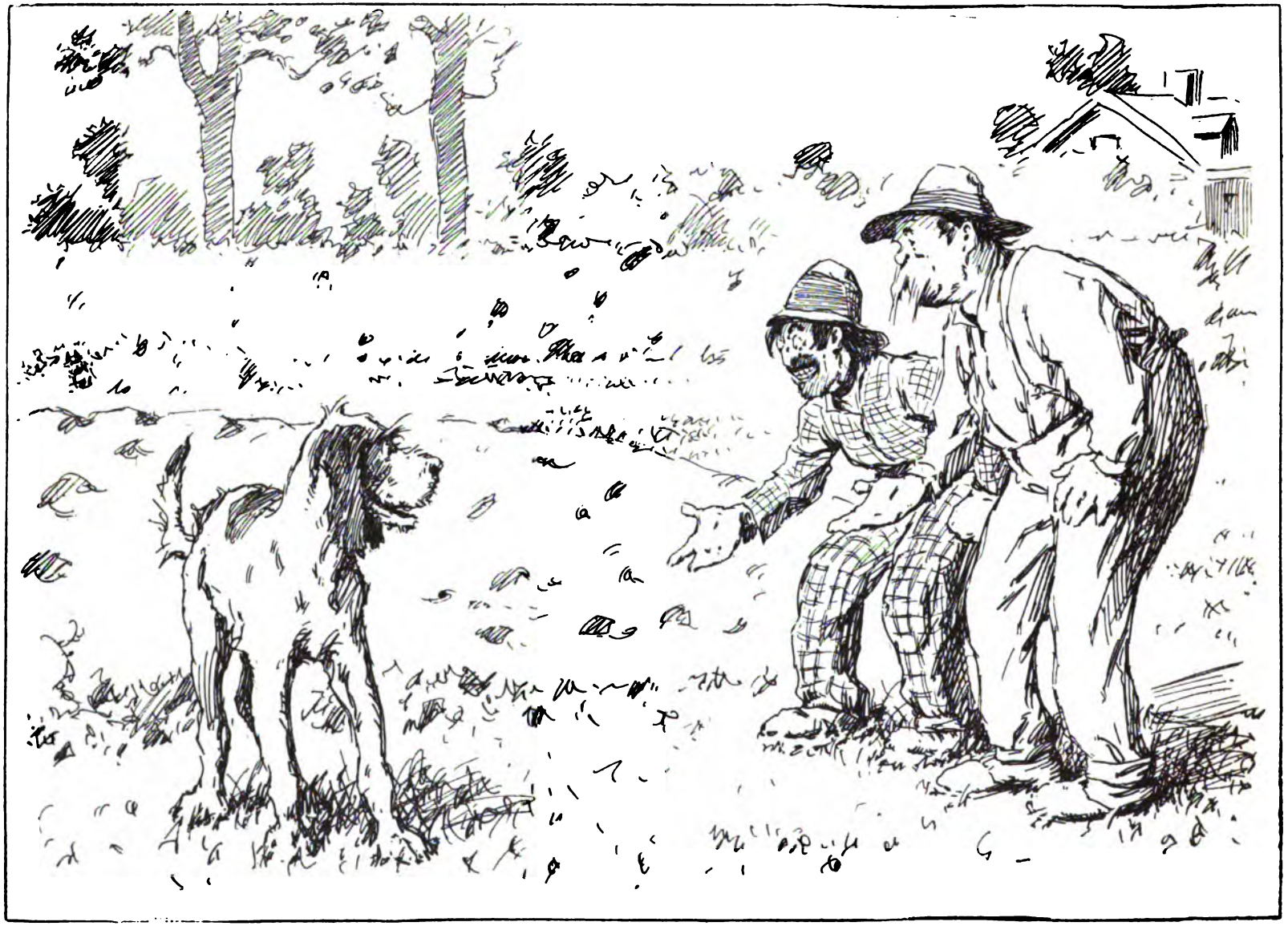


"That's a fine job, Tony. We'll go to dinner now an' put the plants in when we come back."



"Hello, Carlo!"
"Hello, Ginger, is this where you live?"
"Sure it is. I haven't seen you for a long time. Where've you bin?"
"I haven't been goin' around much, been helpin' the gardener!"
"Come in and play for awhile, will you?"
"Sure I will!"

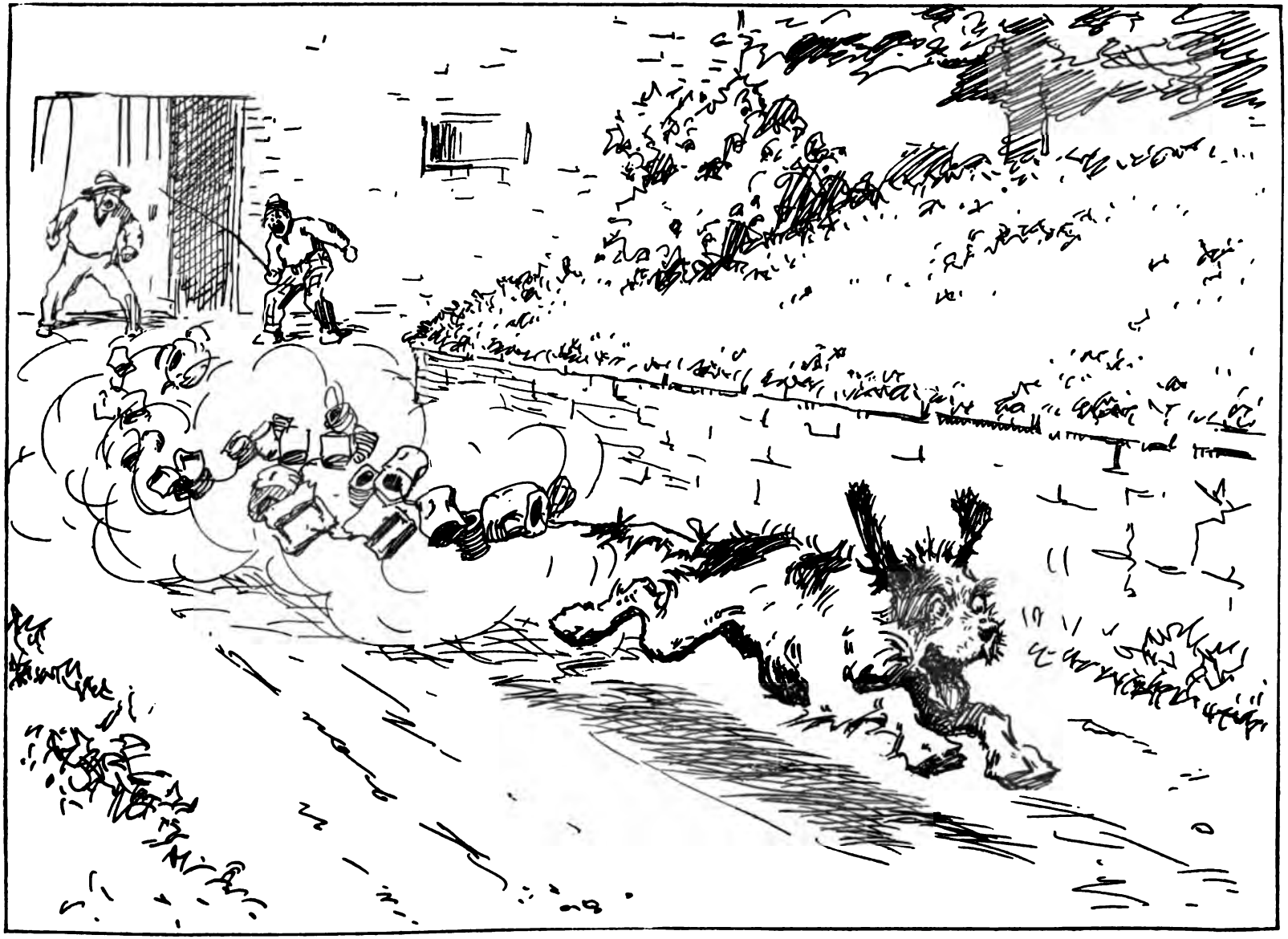
"Holy Moses! look at them dogs!"



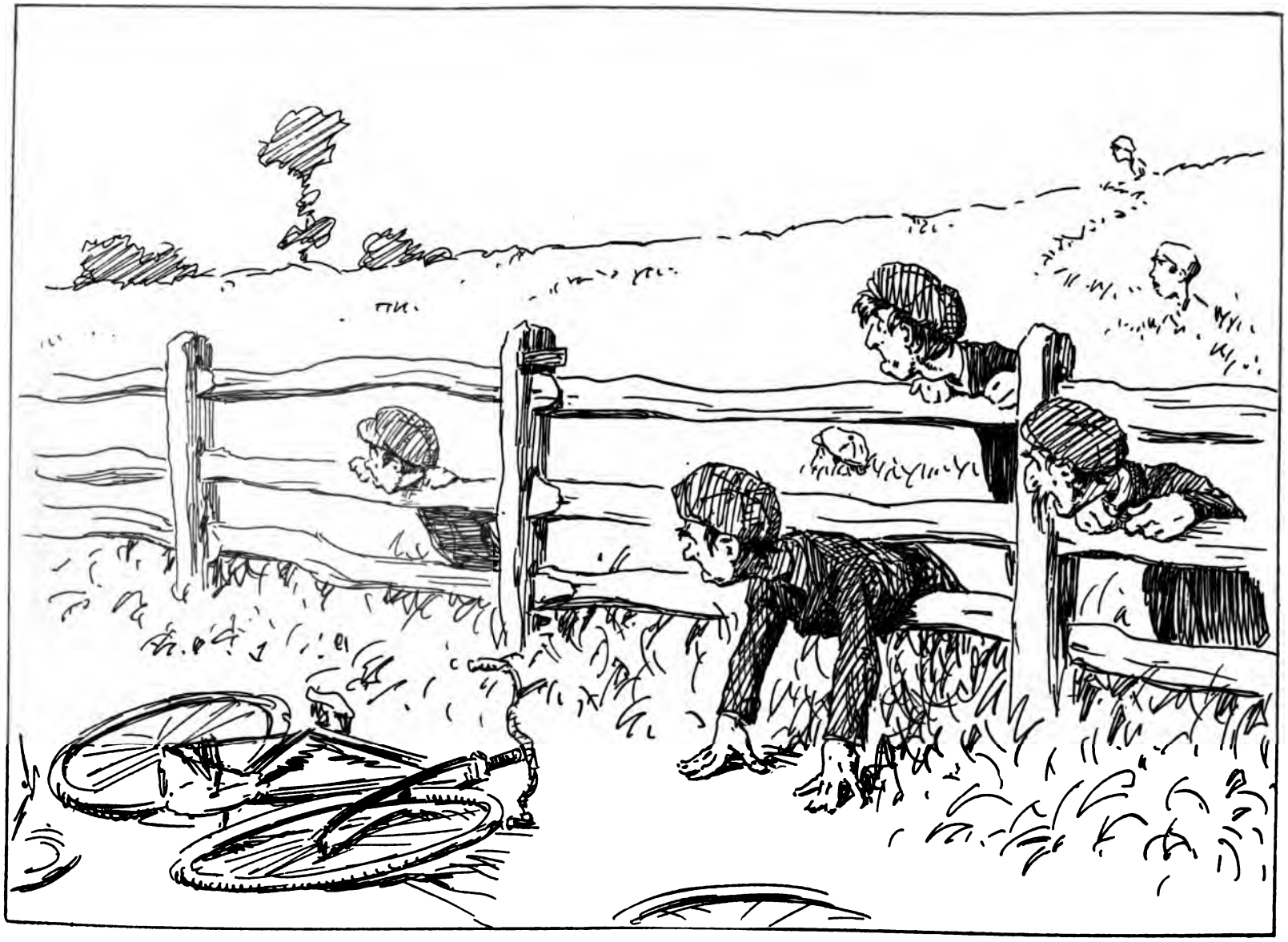
"Come along with me, doggie, I've got the finest bone you ever saw, an' a can of milk for you!"
"Coom nica littla dog, coom!"
Voice from the bushes : "Don'tcher go, Carlo, you ole fool."

"You just come with me an' I'll show you some fun. The trouble with you is, you don't come to see us often enough."

"— and bring every one you can find, d'ye understand, every one!"

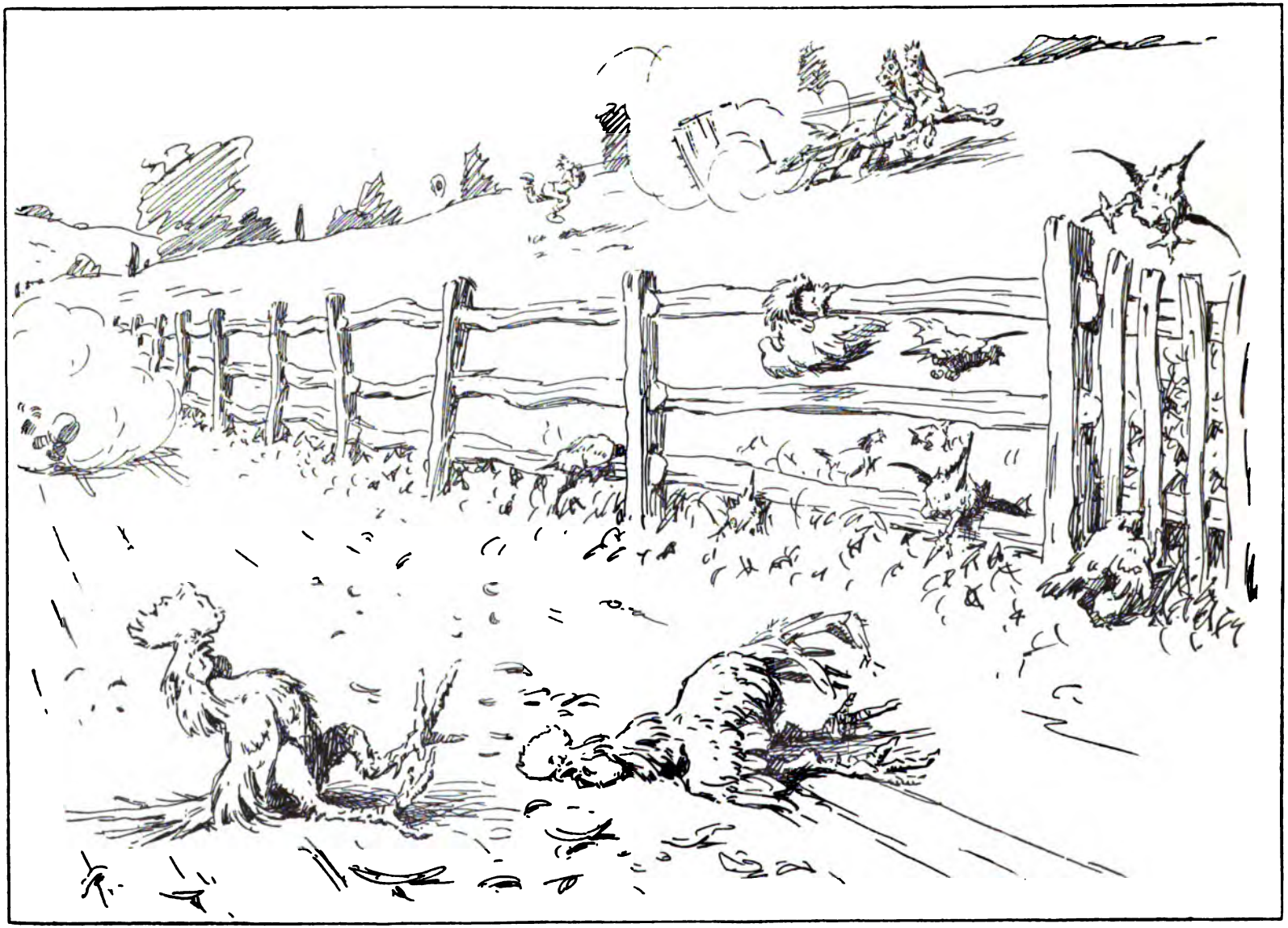


Carlo starts for home.

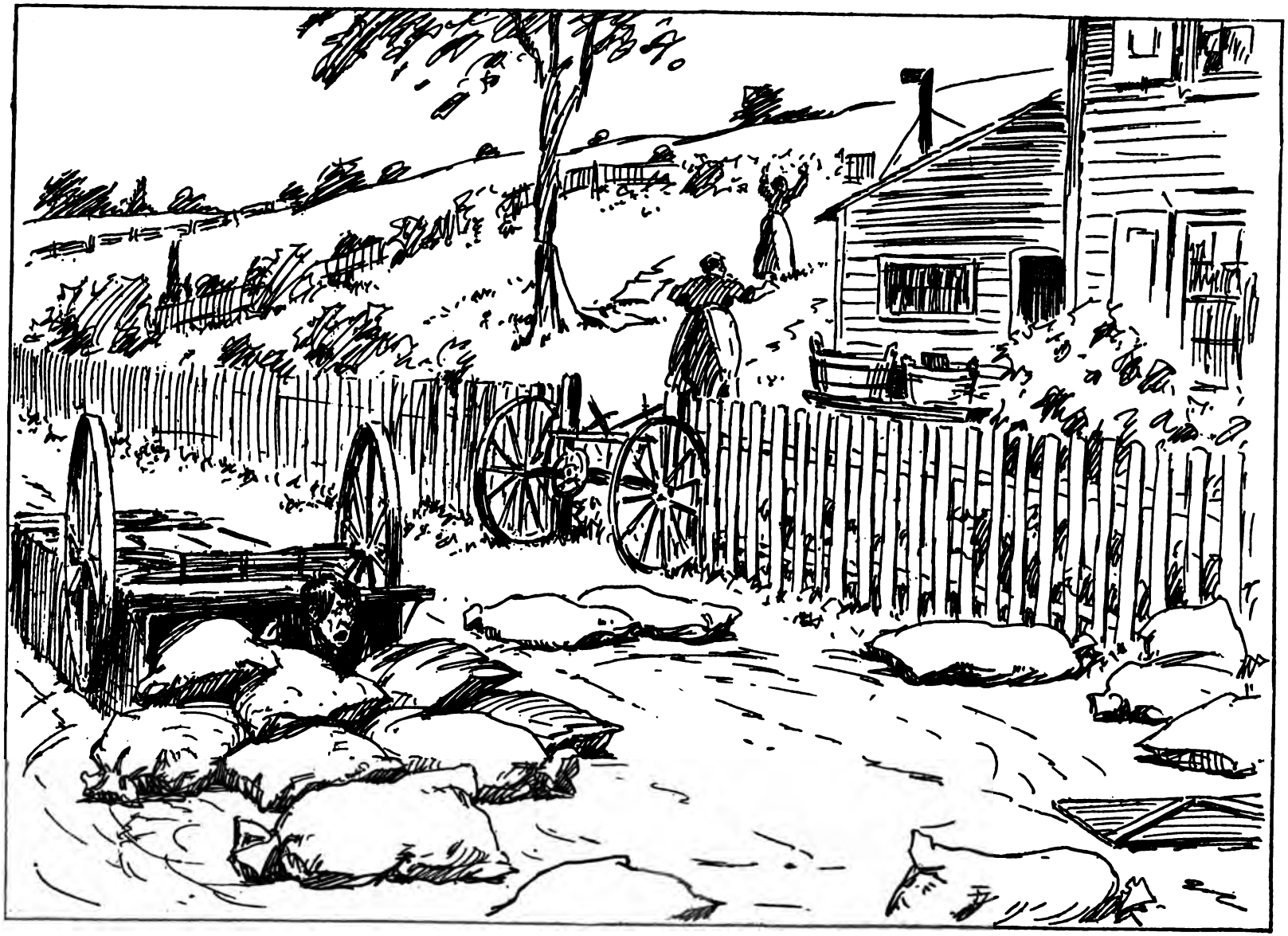


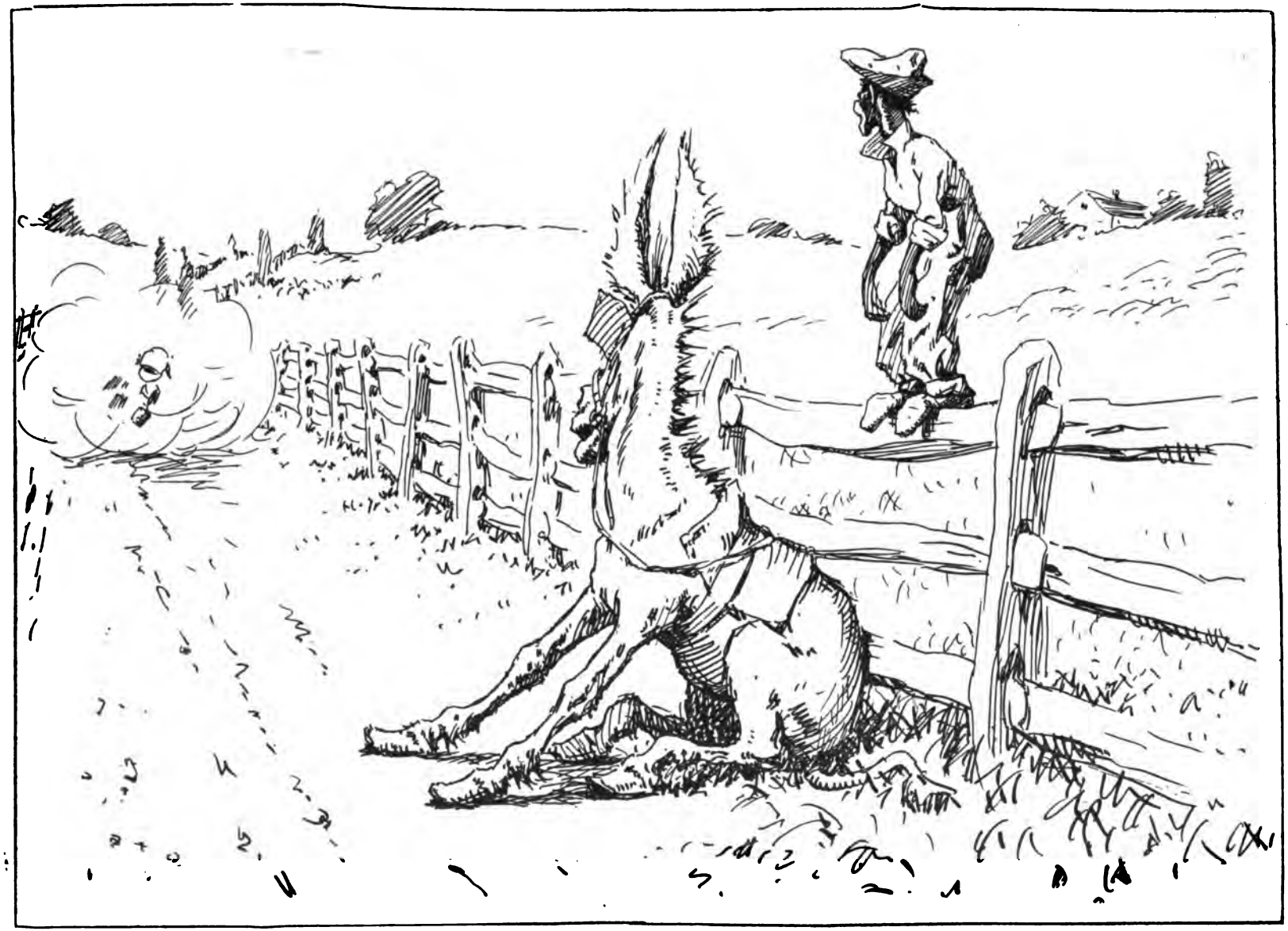
Uncle Silas uses his automatic for the first time.

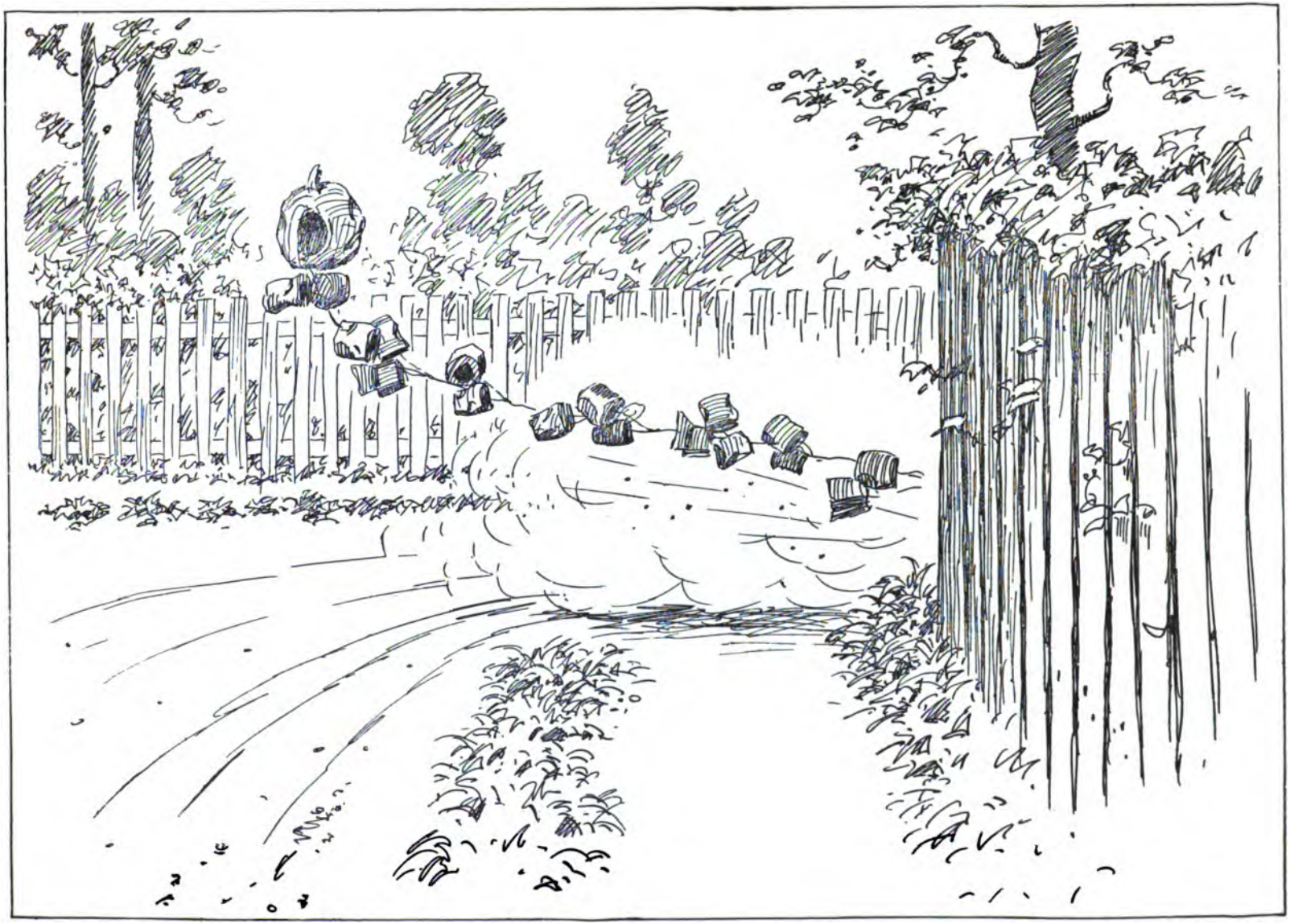
Before Carlo passed the men were exercising the horses, afterward the horses exercised the men.

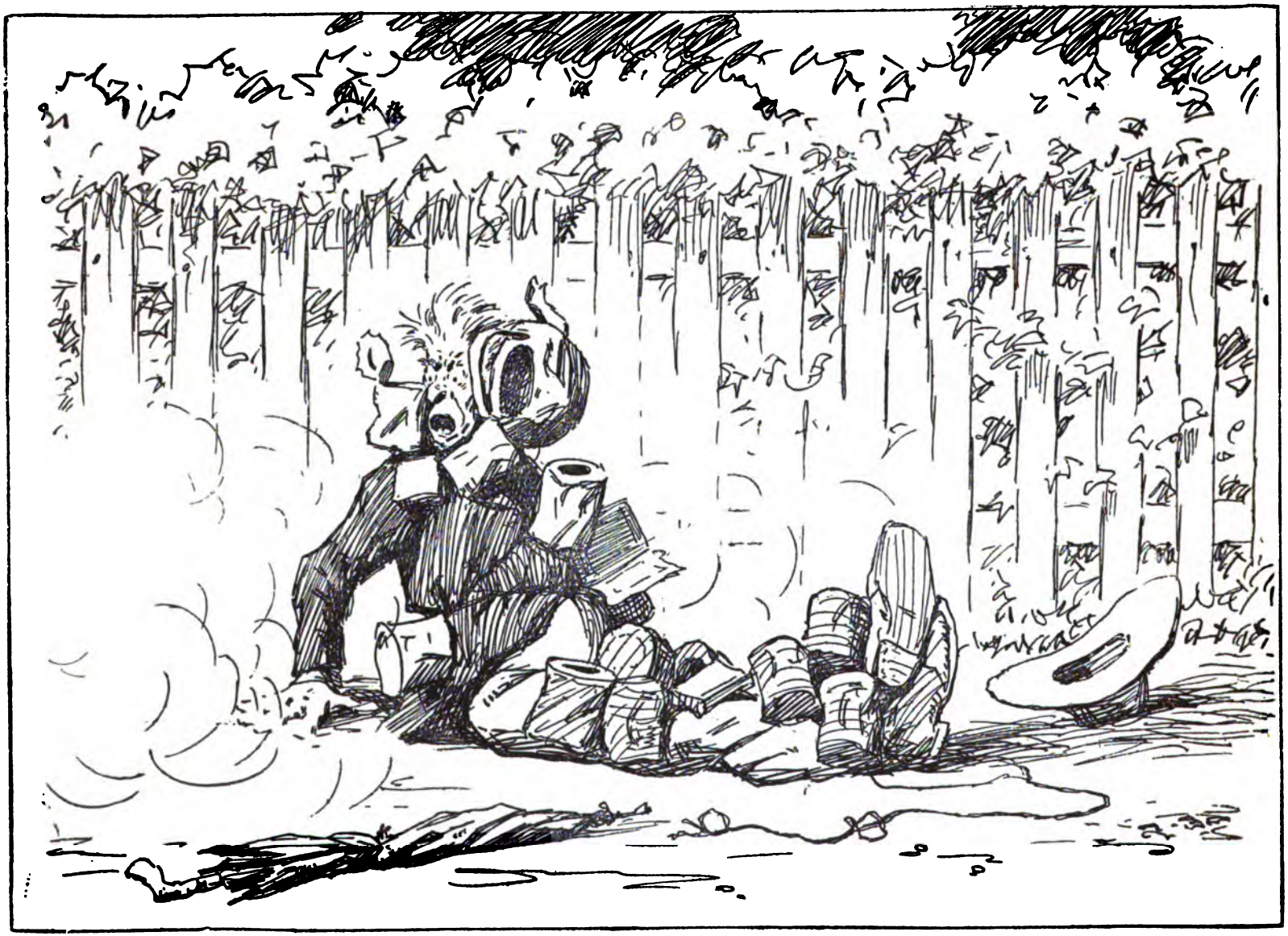


Carlo spoils a fight.









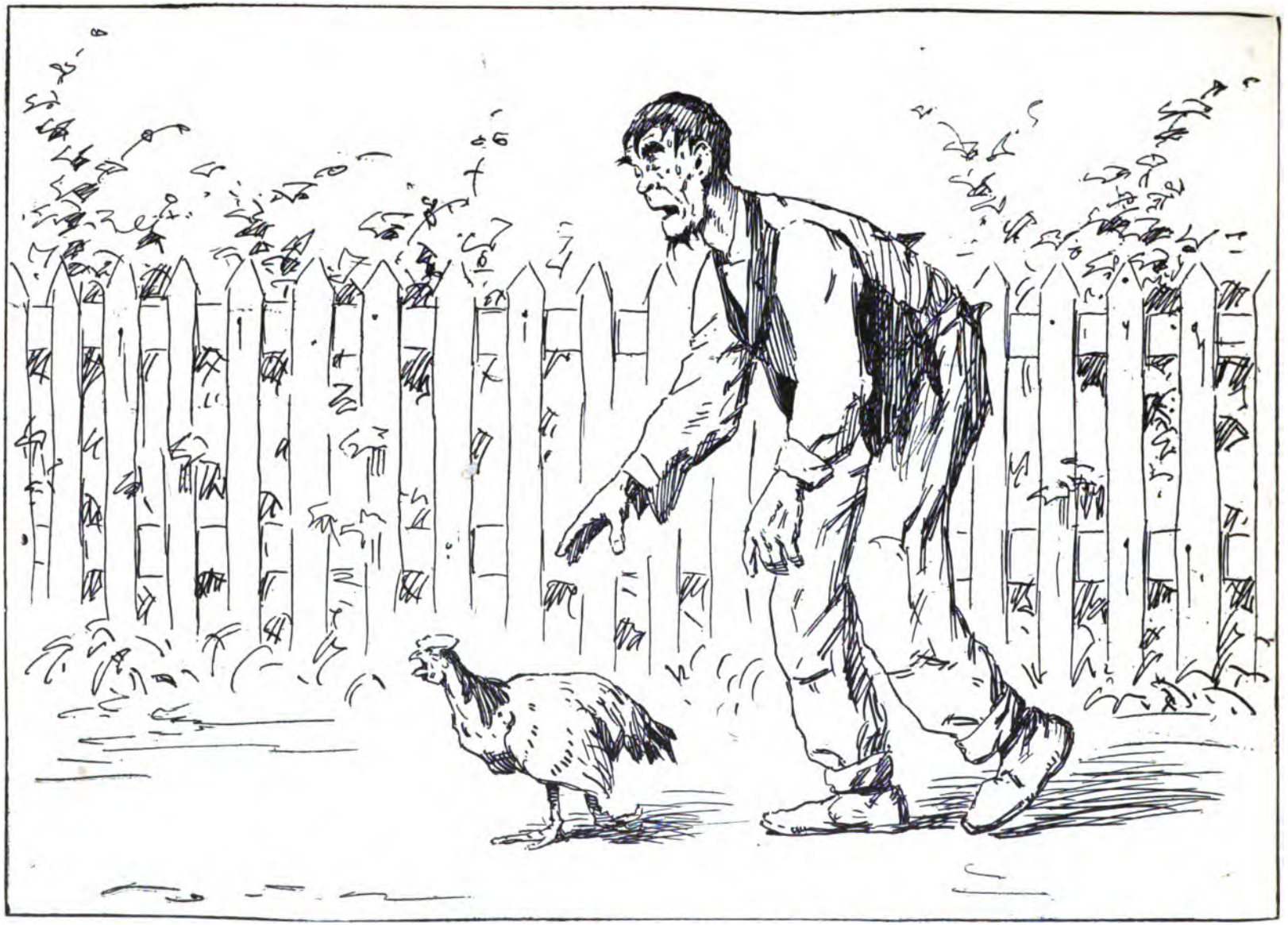
"Look at his tail, Patrick, it's all swolled up."
"It is that, an' if I knowed who'd been ill treatin' that dawg I'd knock the head off him, so I would!"

"I wonder what makes Carlo so nervous. I rattled my tin money box this morning and he jumped off the porch without touchin' a step."

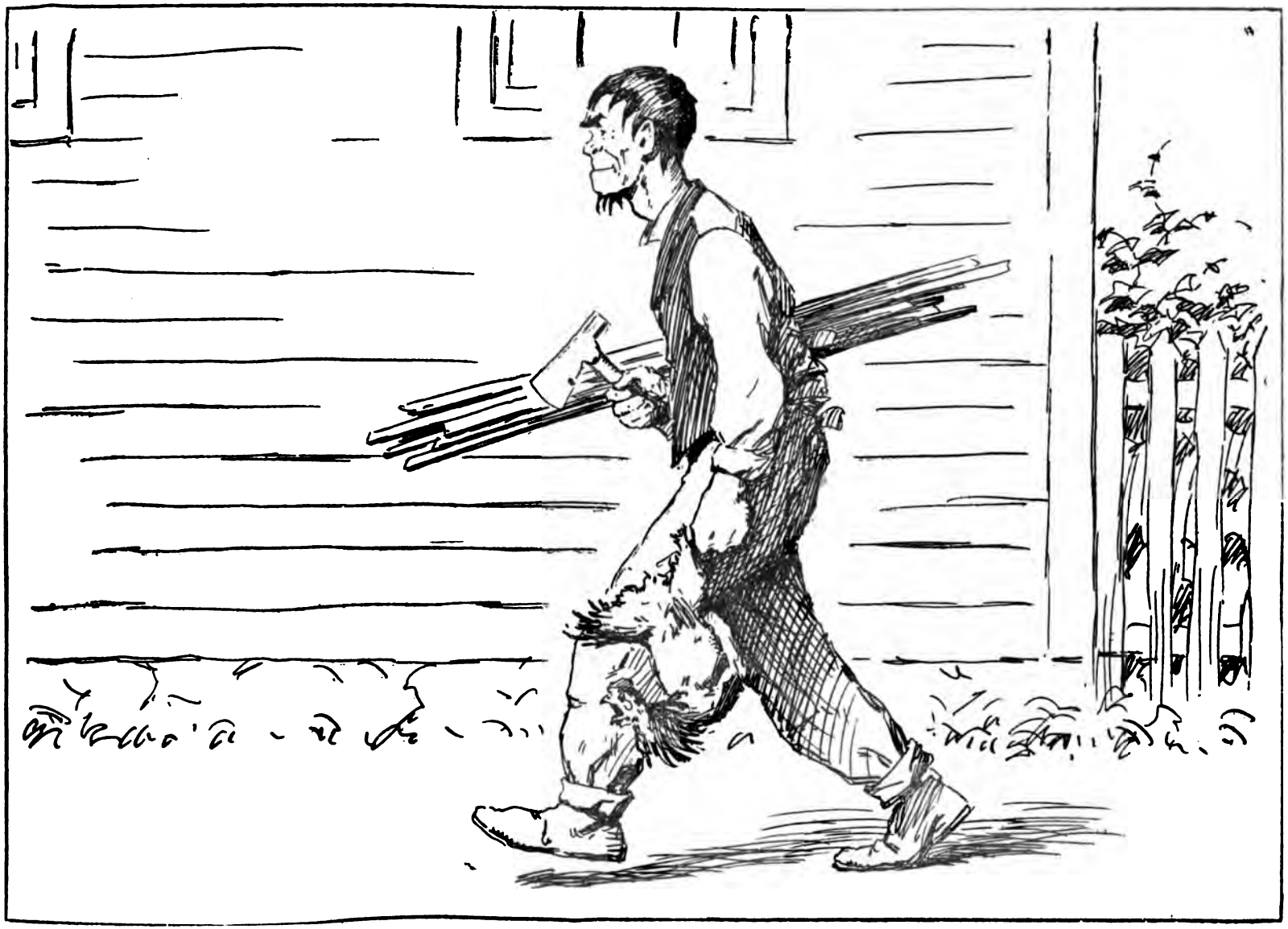
"That's where you're layin' your aigs, is it, an' me lookin' the whole place over for 'em."

"You like a new-laid egg for breakfast ivry mornin', don'tcher, the same as the boss, an' thim worth forty-five cents a dozen. Wouldn't you like a nice fat chop wid it?"

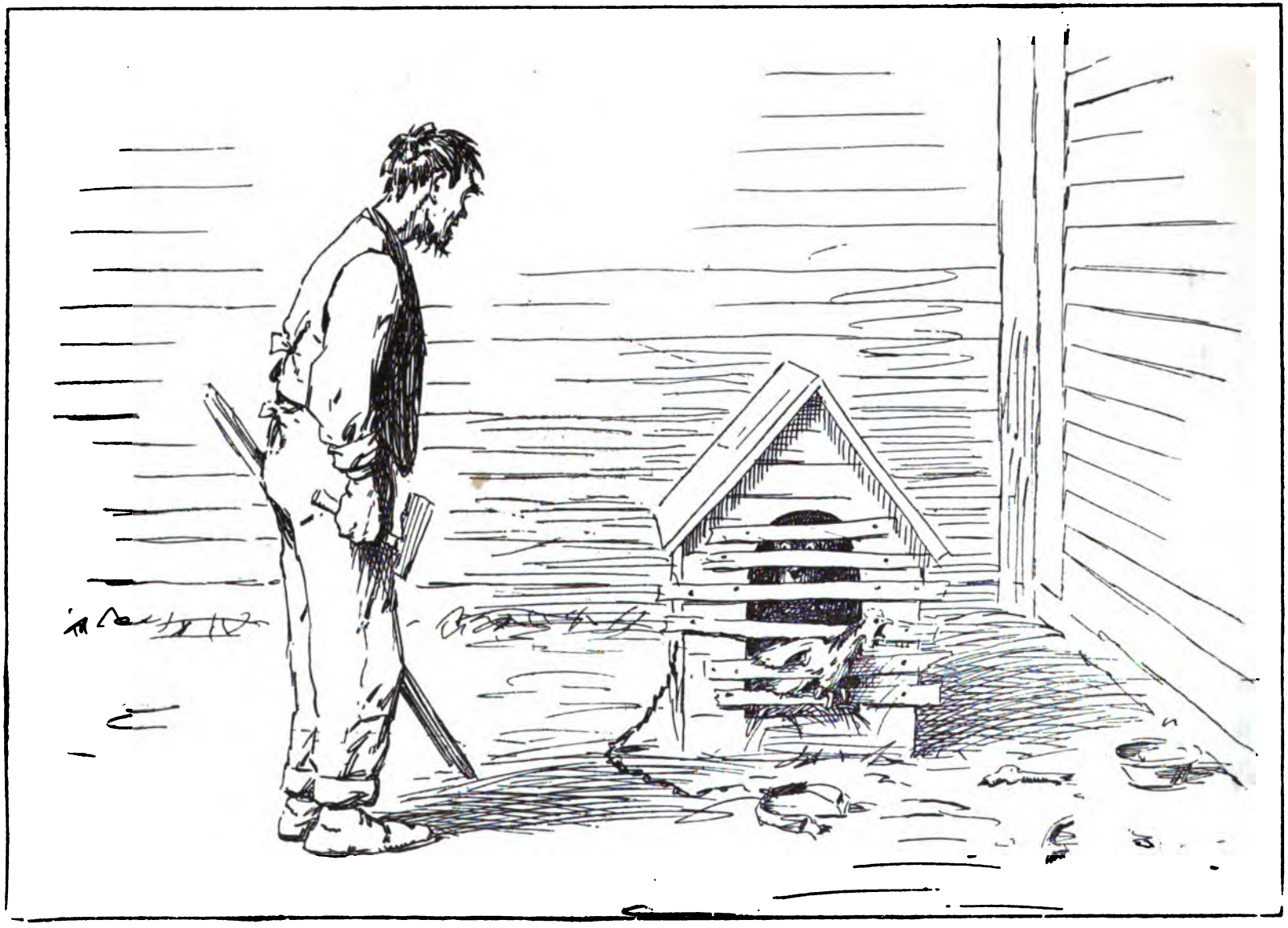
"That hen is a fool. There's no use runnin' away from him; he'd catch her if she ran to the edge of the earth."



He caught her.



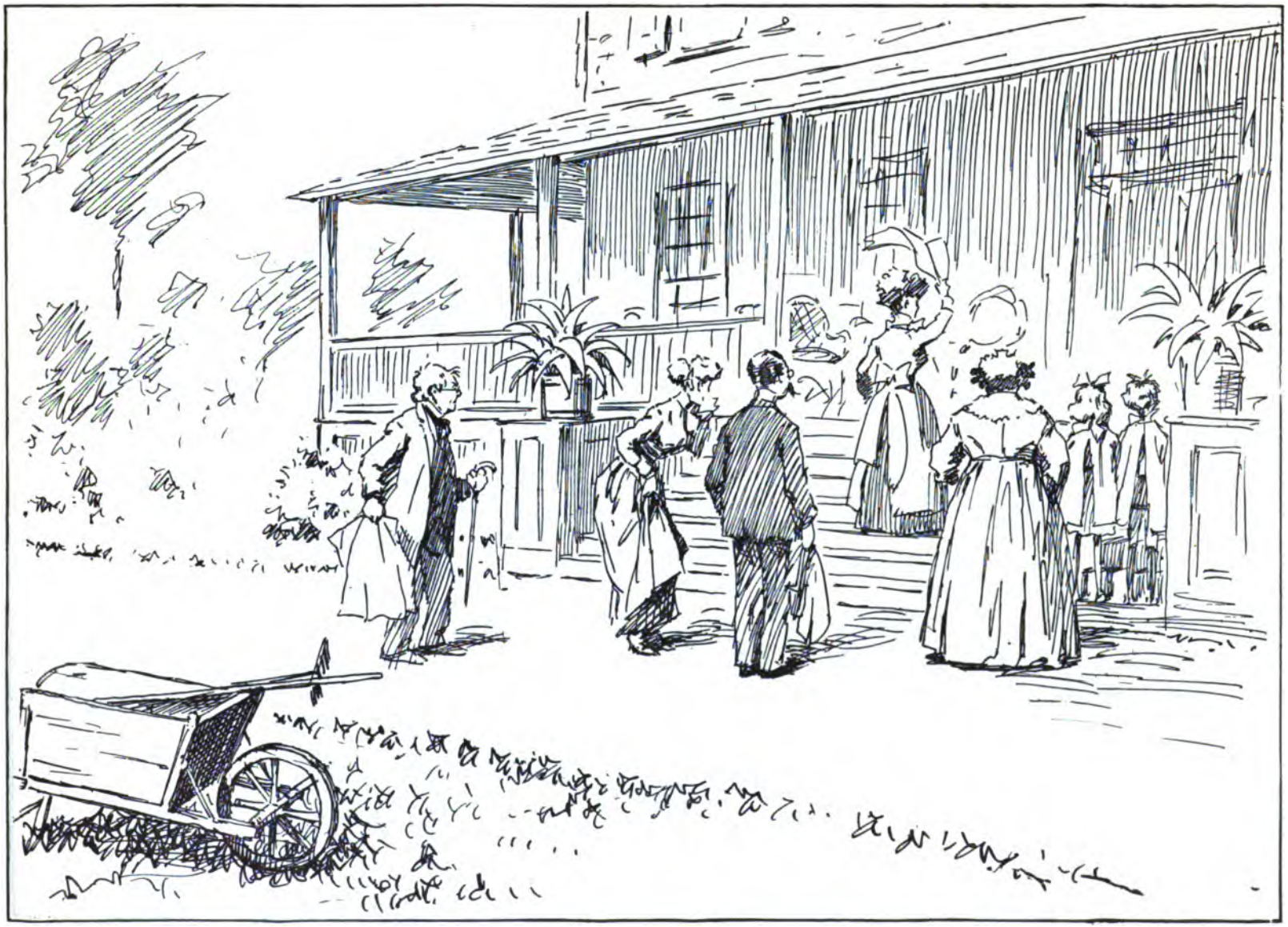
"I'll teach you to lay aigs in dog boxes, so I will!"



"You'll stay in there till you're rale fond of each other's societee, an' by that toime one of yez will be wantin' to lay aigs somewhere else."

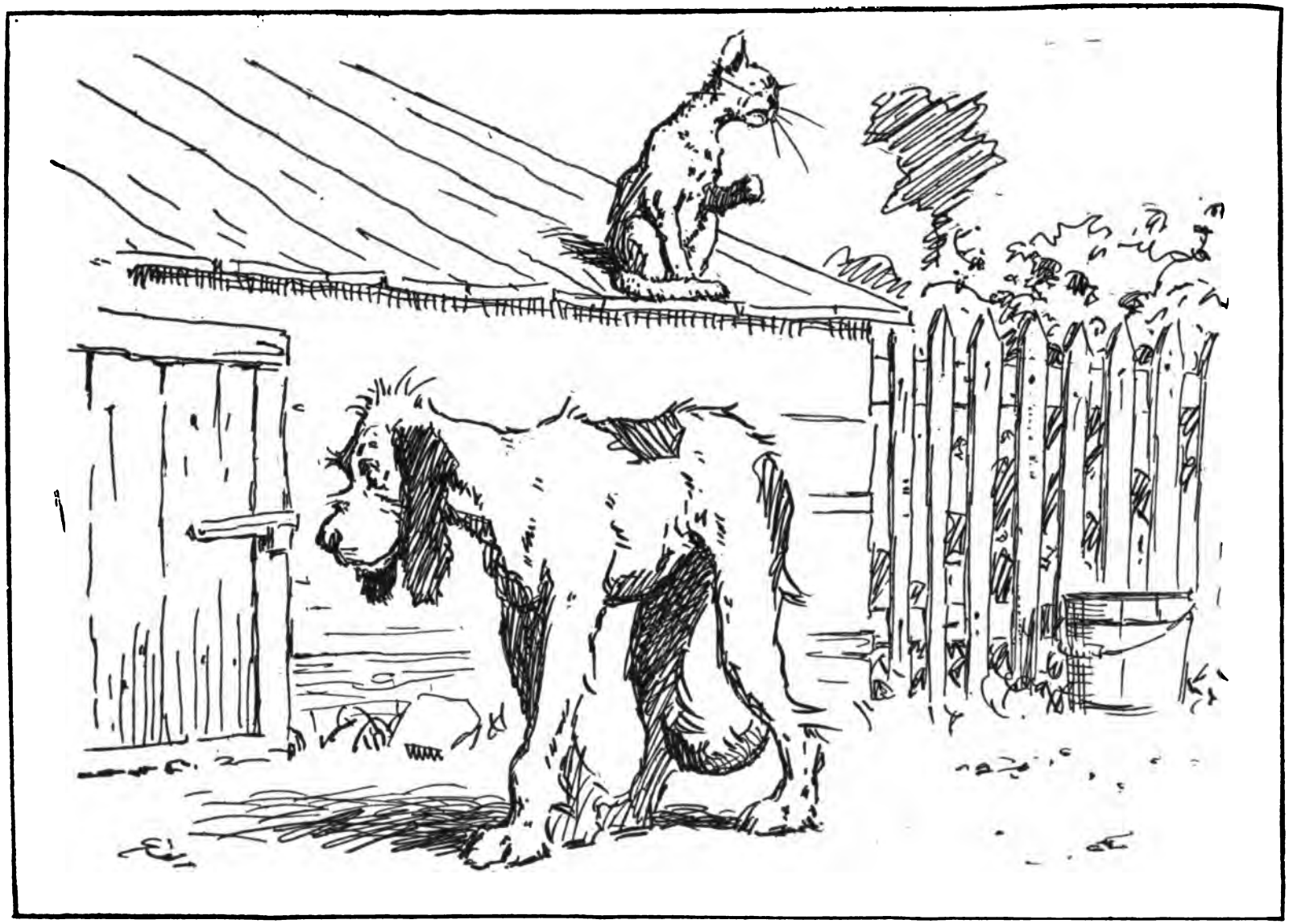
"Hivins! I clane forgot thim two ijots I shut up this mornin'."

"You like a feather bed, I perceive!"



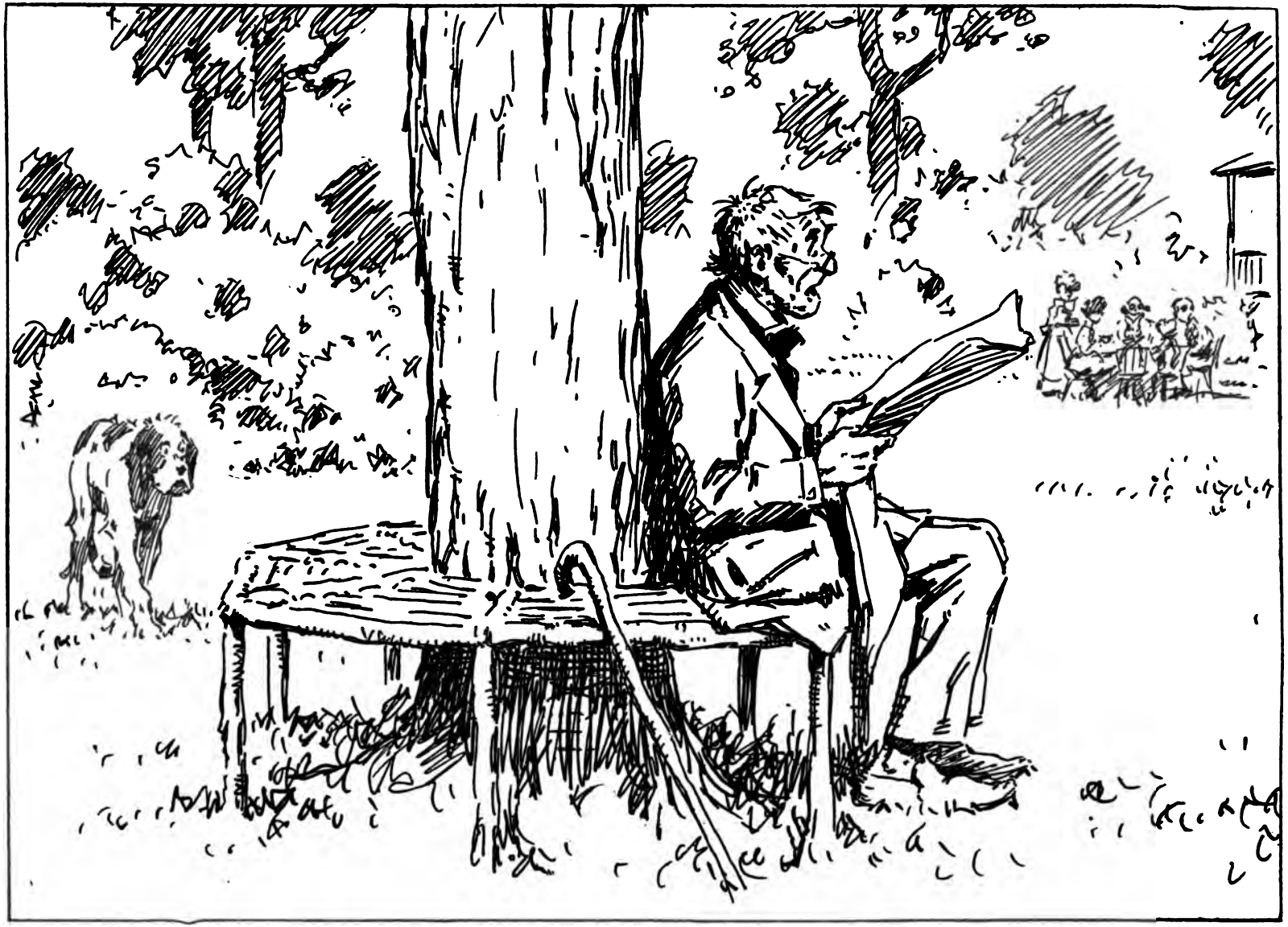
Carlo comes back from the woods with a little black animal he killed, and walks into the dining-room while the family is at breakfast to show it to them.

"— git out of this, you asafedity hyena!"

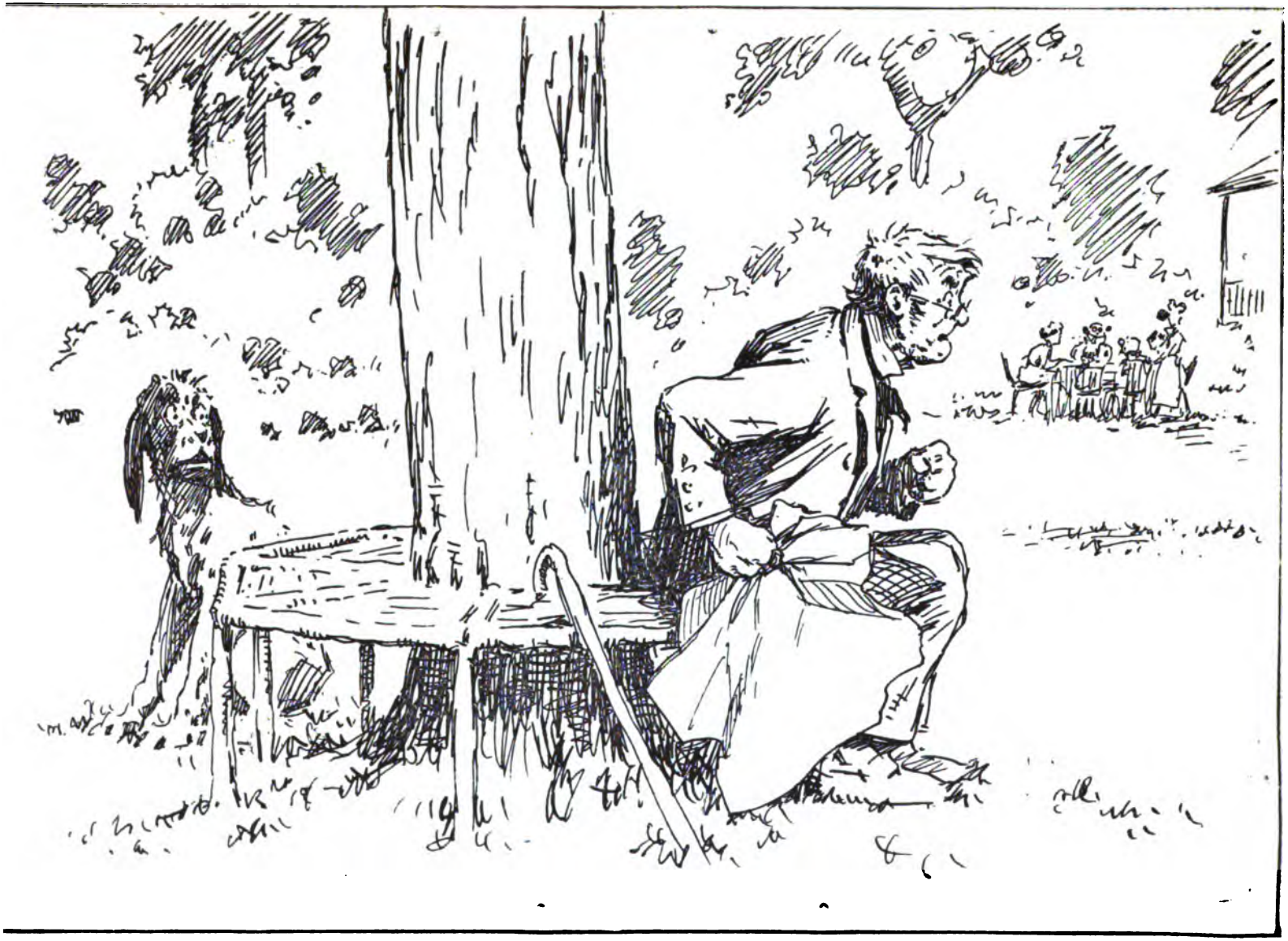


"The people in this place have all gone crazy. I walk into the dining-room with that nice little animal I killed and they all scream and jump out of the windows, then the cook chases me out with the broom and calls me foreign names, and everything I meet looks queer and runs away."

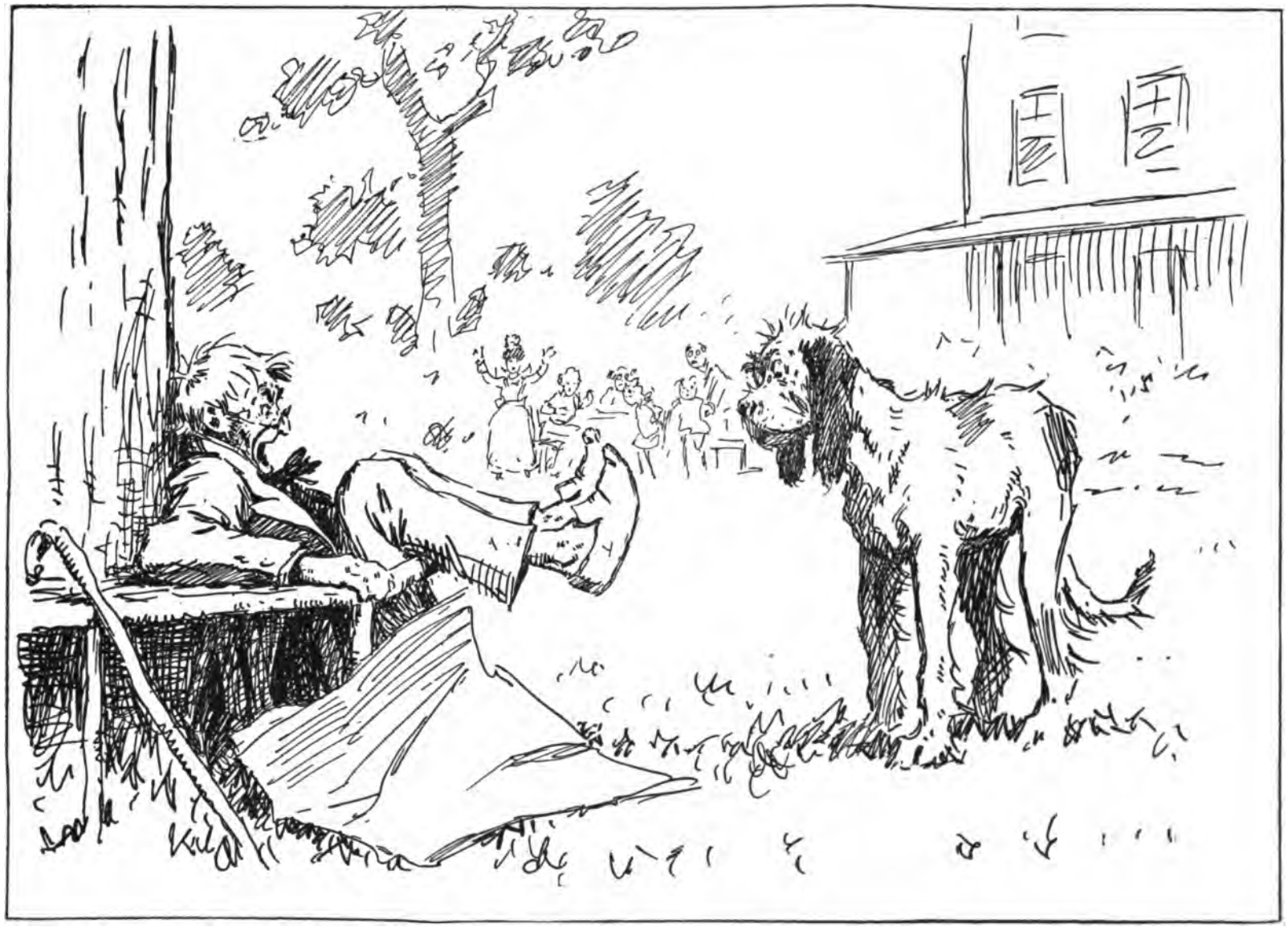
"— driven out of the house by a dog, a beast of a dog! Have to sit on a half rotten seat under a tree with ants crawling over me because this fool family is run by a dog!"



"Good Heavens!! You can't get away from it, it's coming all the way down here!"

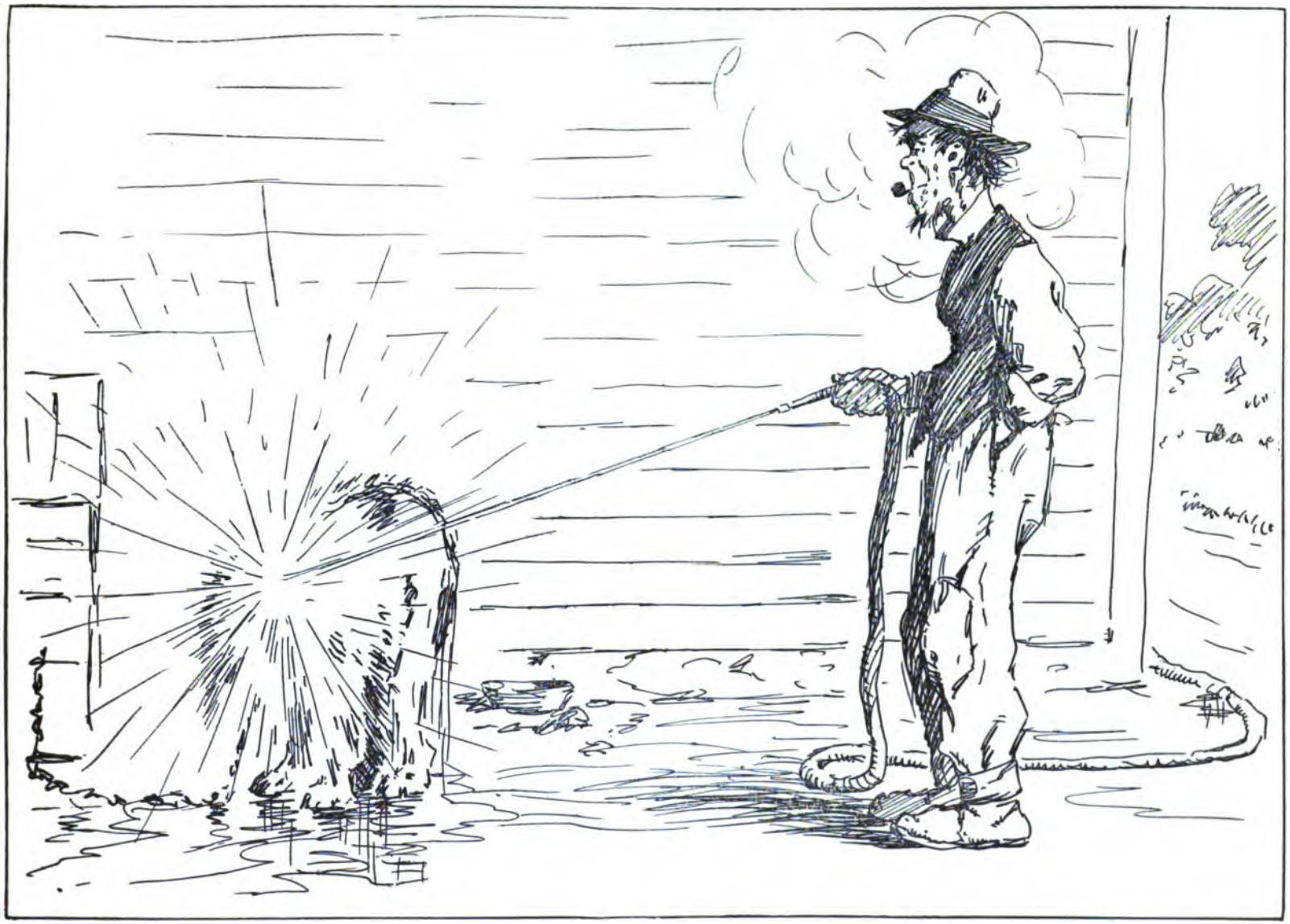


"It's perfectly abominable! You can't breathe! I'll pack my trunk and leave the house at once; I'll ——"



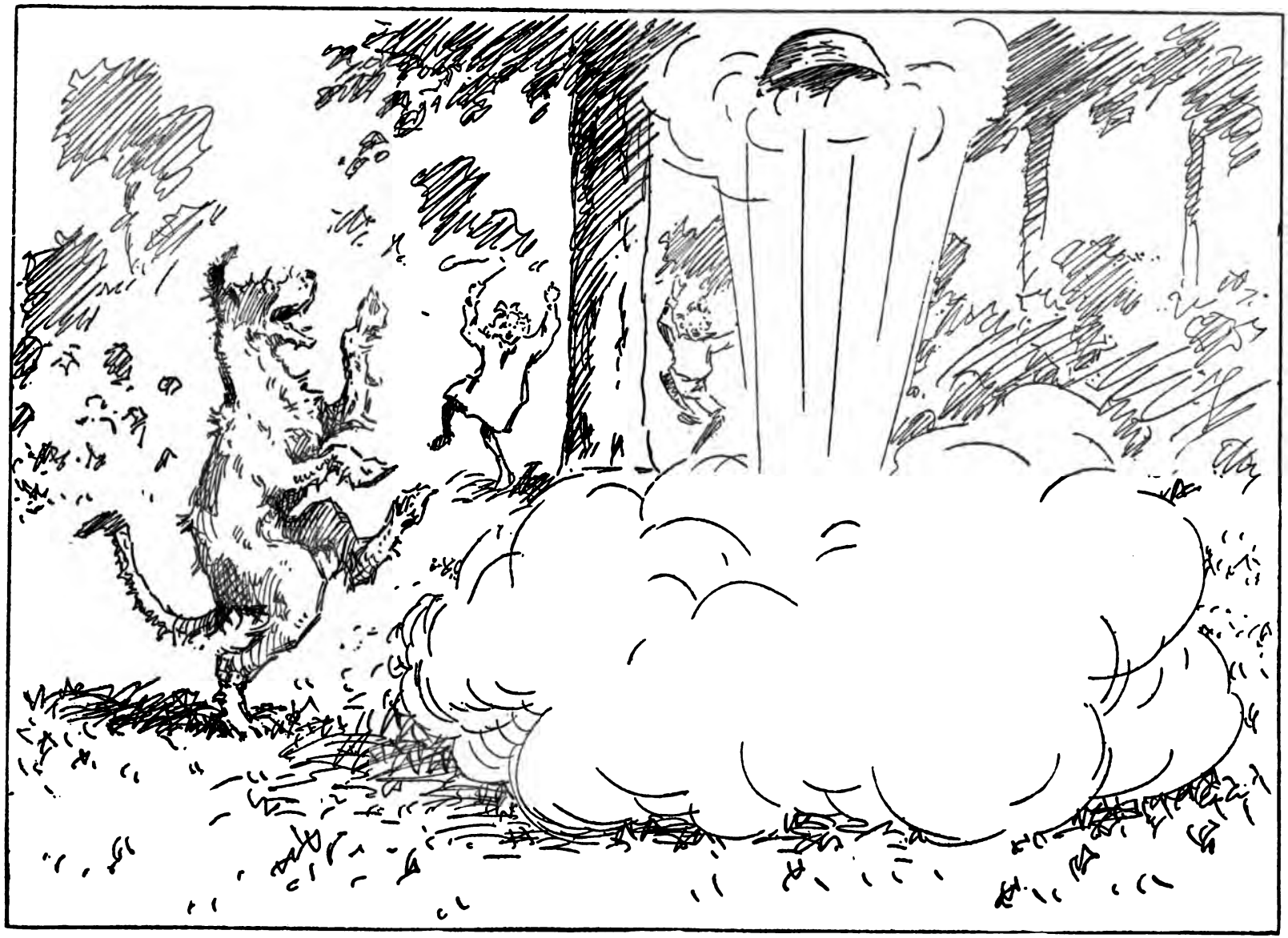
"John! Mary! Patrick! Some one bring a gun and shoot this beast! !"

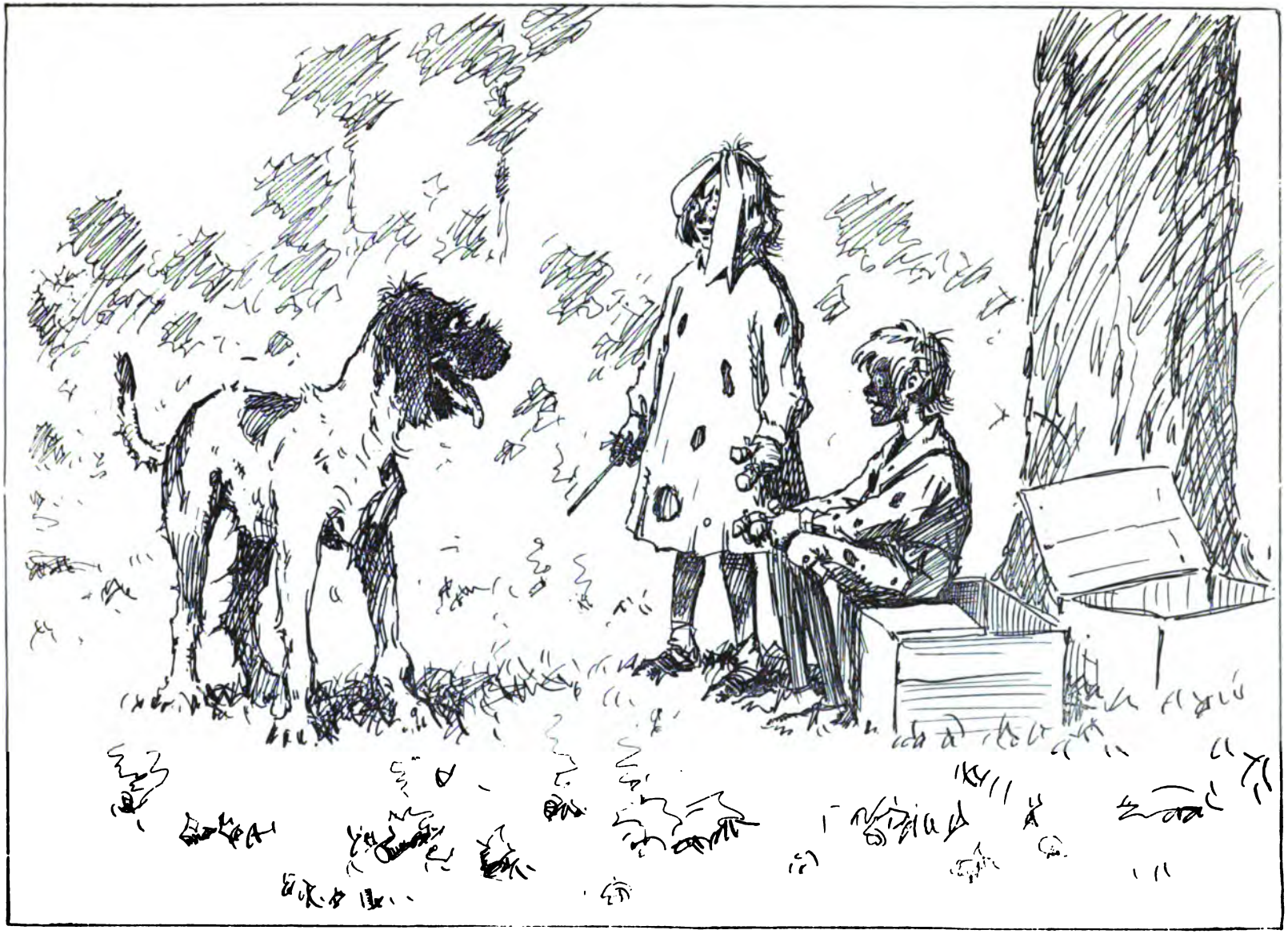
"I'm smotherin', Mabul!"
"Don't say a word or I'll bust."



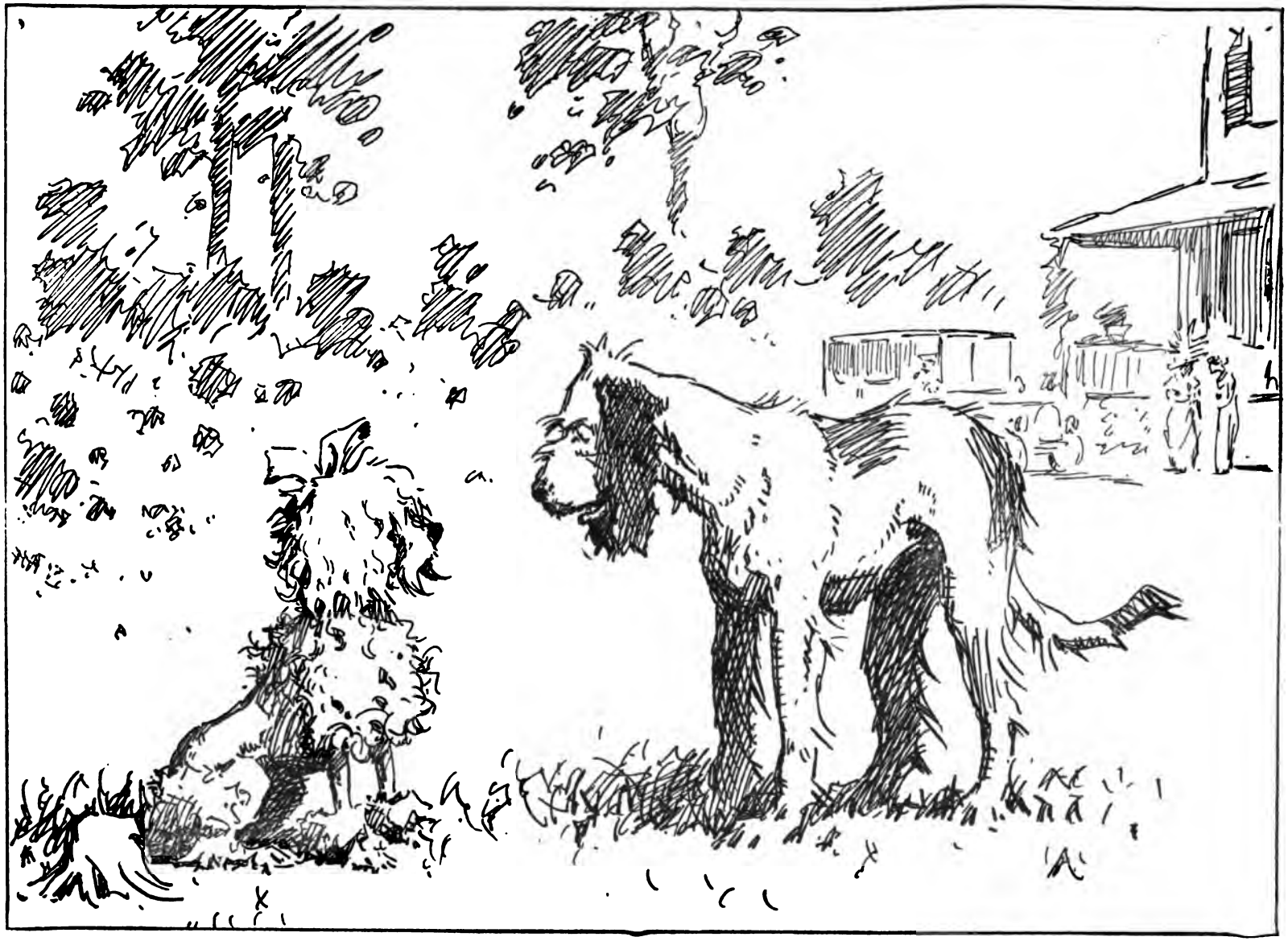
"The next time you go huntin' I'll ask for a holiday. I don't care to be funeral director for any more of thim little black animals; sure he was a powerful little baste."

"I think it's a shame, Brother; Carlo'll be so scared we won't see him again to-day."

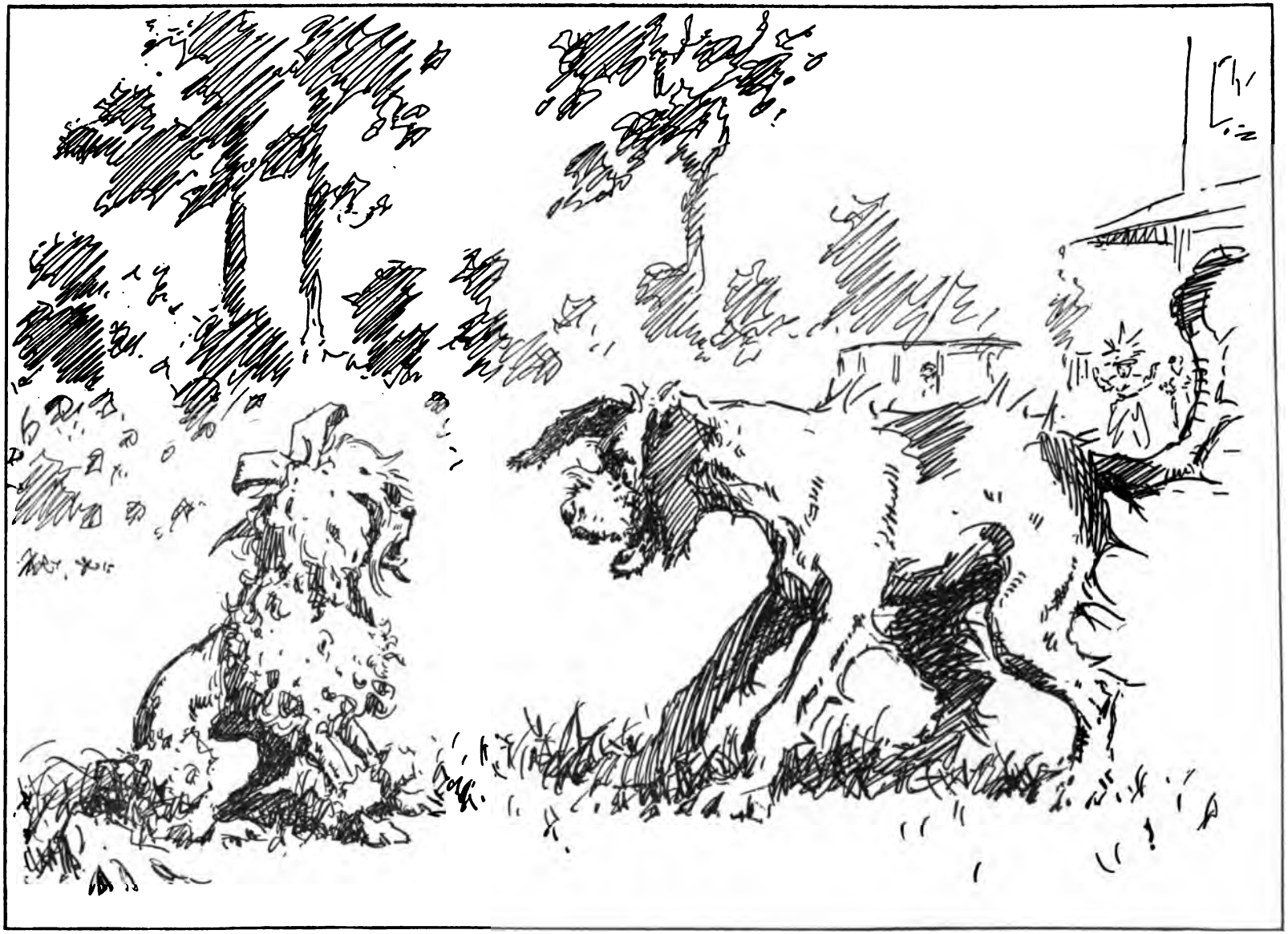




"Gee! What a fourth!"

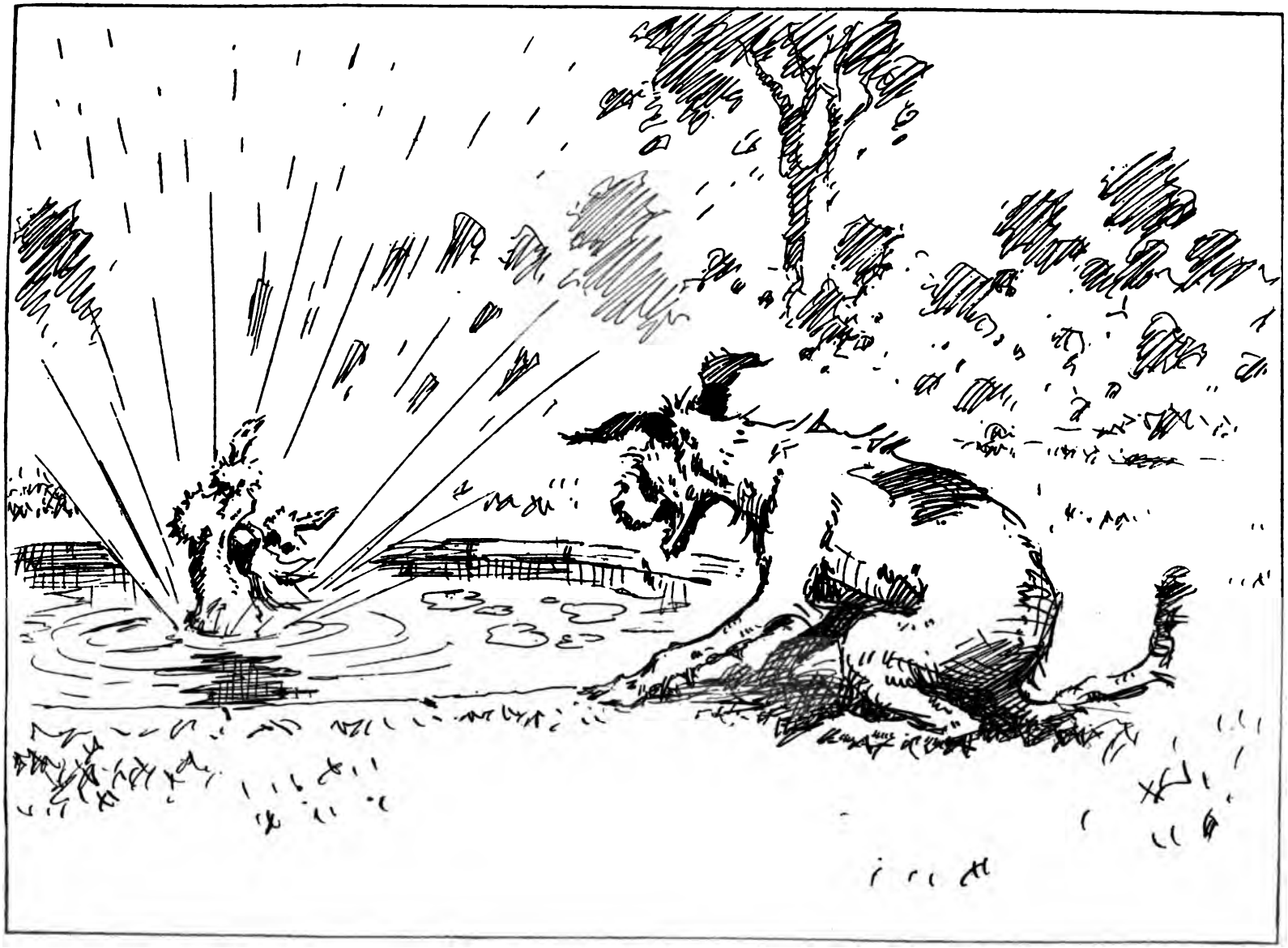


"Hello! What are you doin' here?"
"We are calling."
"Oh, *are* you! Well, what do you think of us?"
"We think you are rather amusing."
"Oh, *do* you? Say, young feller, what's your name?"
"My name is Fifi."

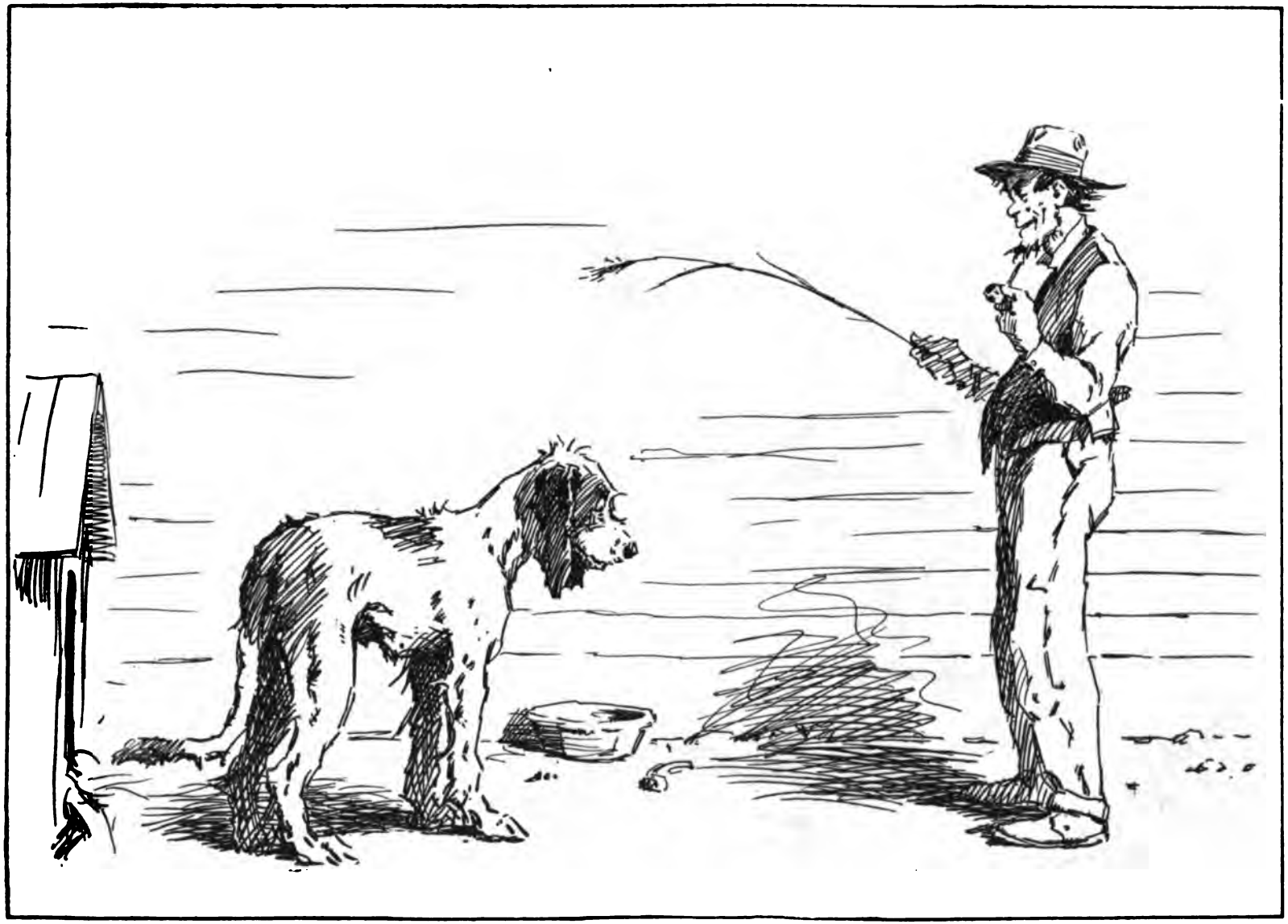


"What!!!"

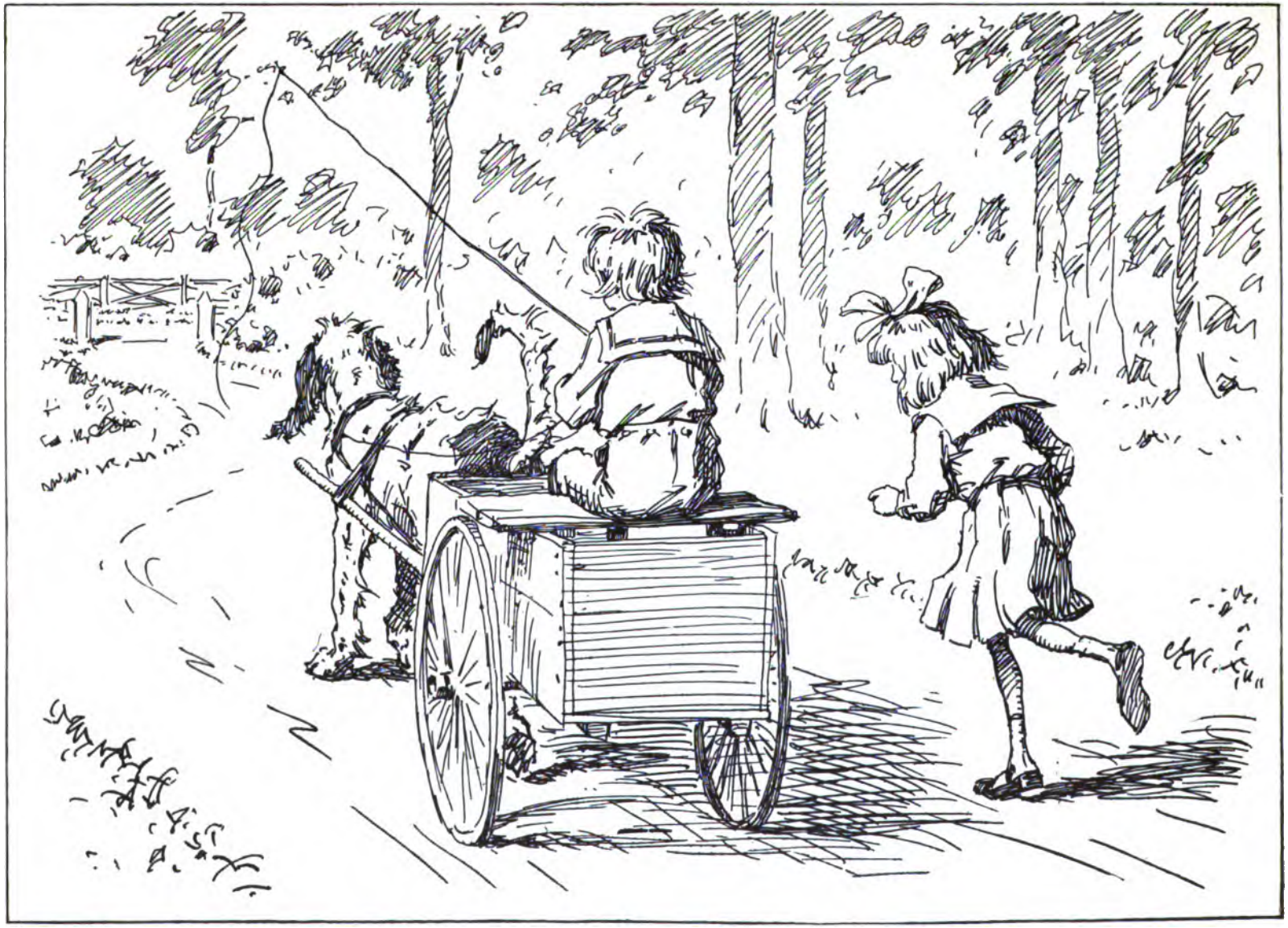
"Come 'ere! I eat Fifis!"



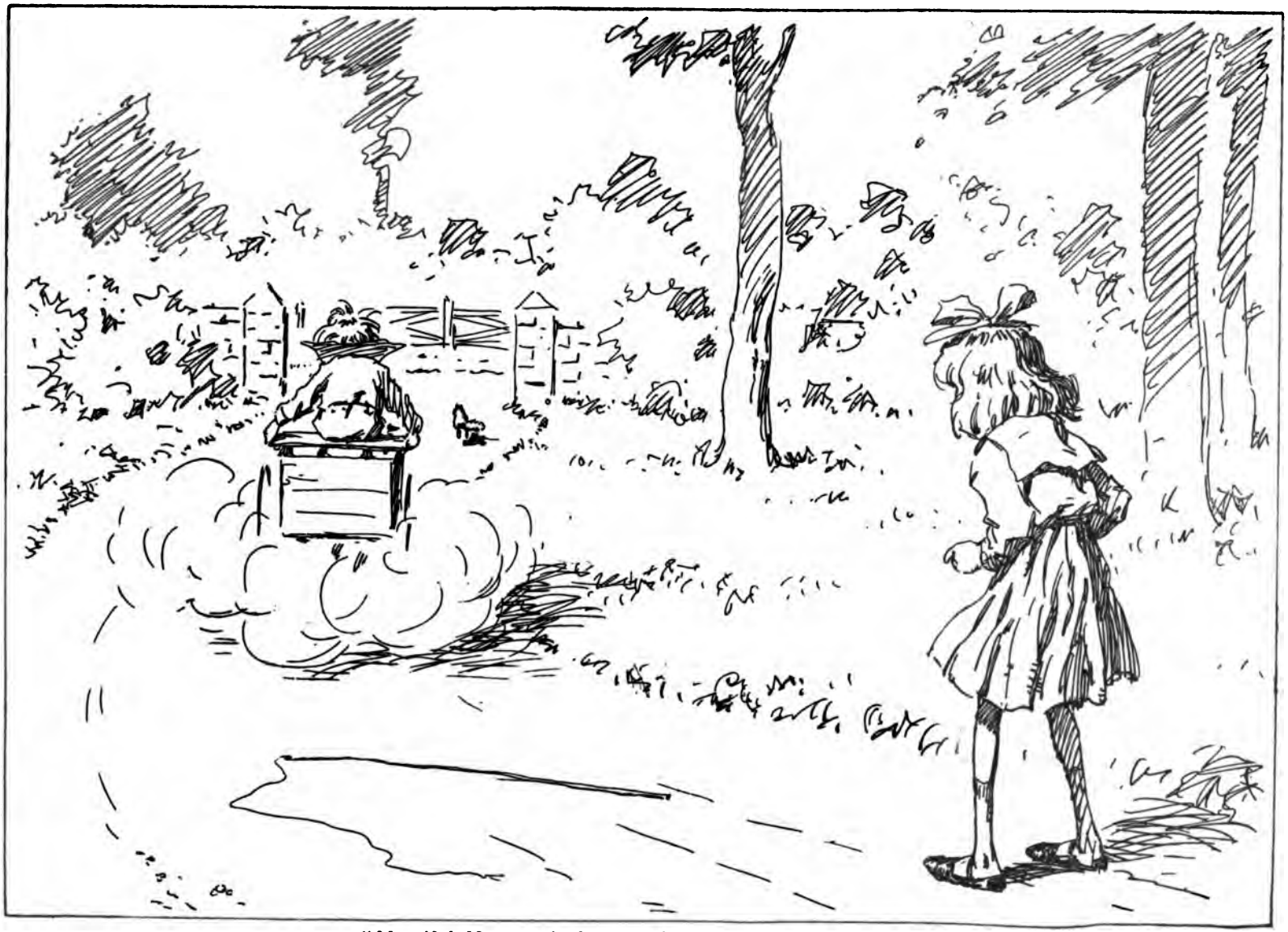
"Oh, *look* at my darling lamb!"
"Patrick, I wish you would give Carlo a whipping for this, a very severe whipping, do you understand?"
"Yis, Mum."



"Carlo, I'm going to give you a very severe whippin', wid this, fer thim awful things you did to that darlin' lam' who wint home wrapped up in wan of the Missus's foine blankets, d'ye moind?"



"Don't he go fine, Mabul?"

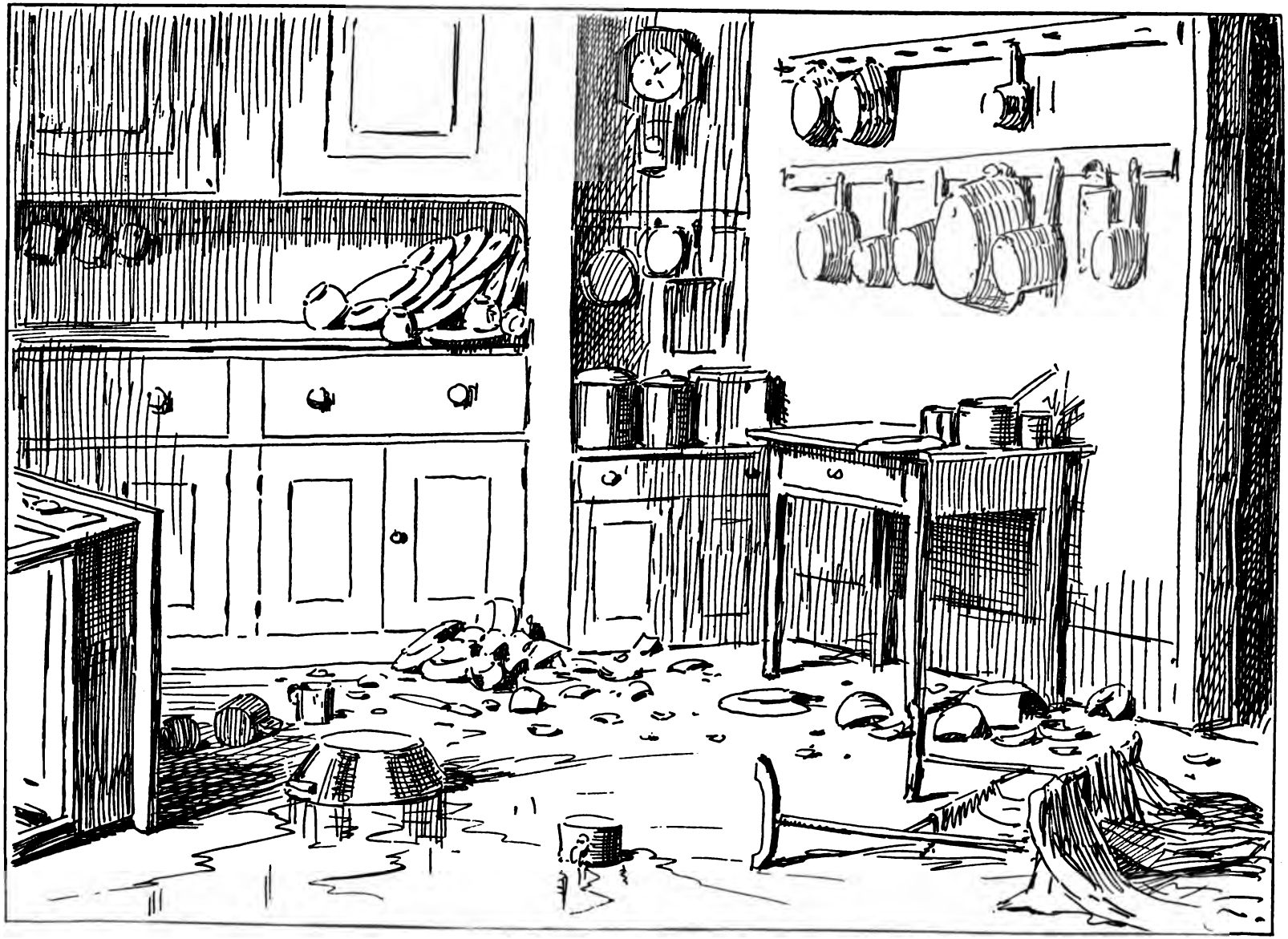


"Merciful Heavuns! It's the Browns's Angorious cat!"

'round the corner.

Across the lawn.

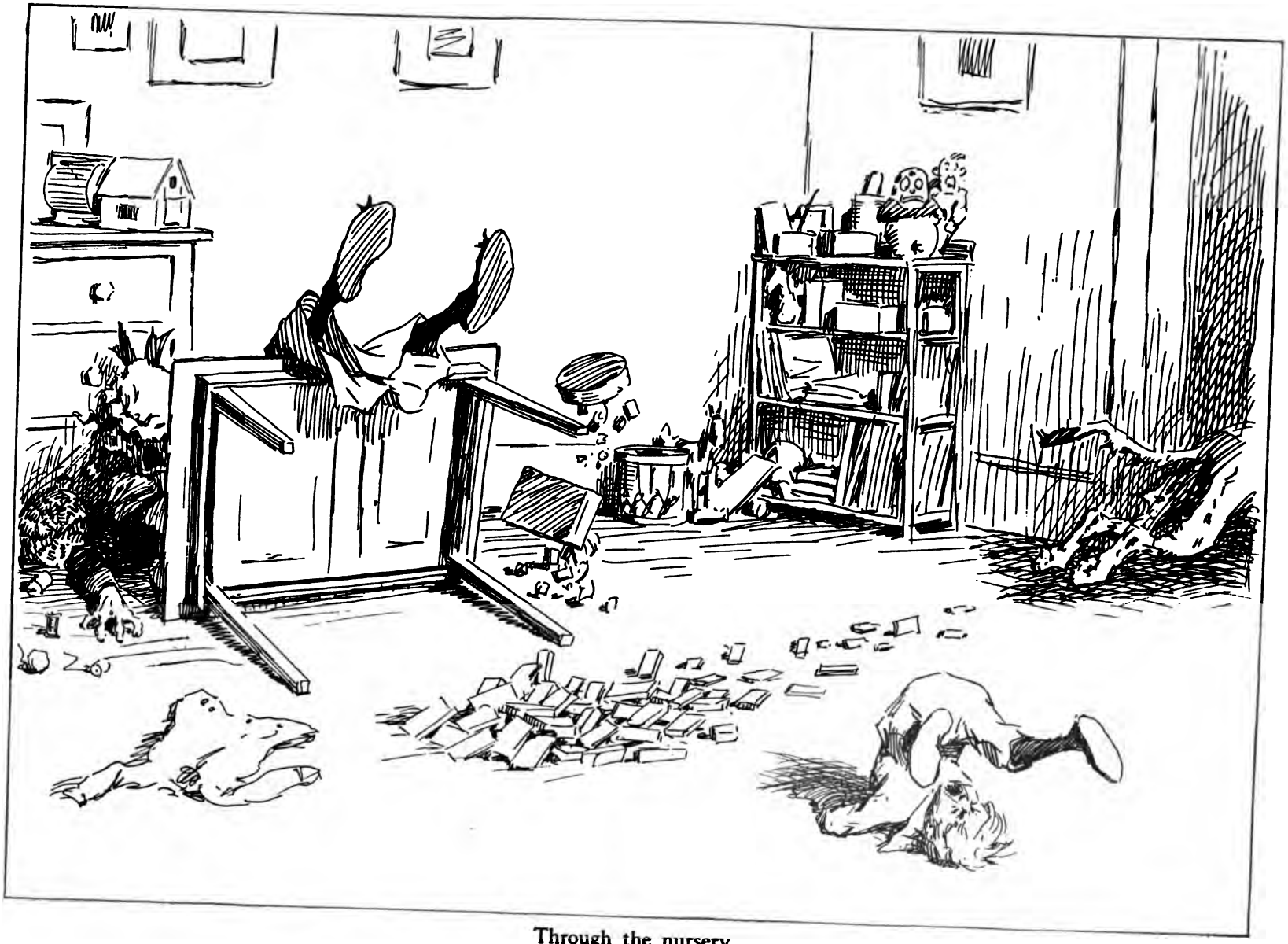
"Into the kitchen."



Once around the kitchen.

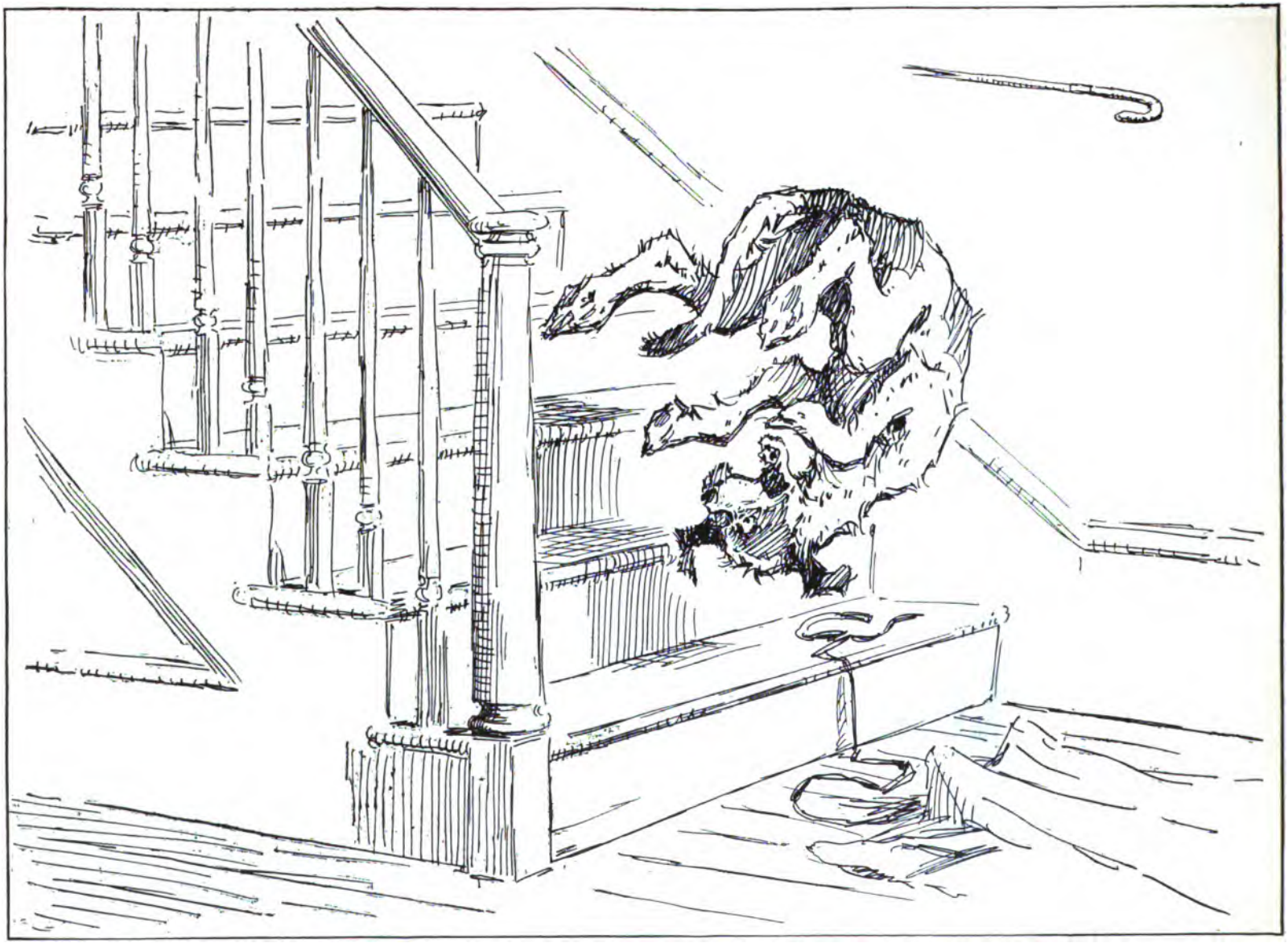
Through the library.

Through the hall and up the stairs.

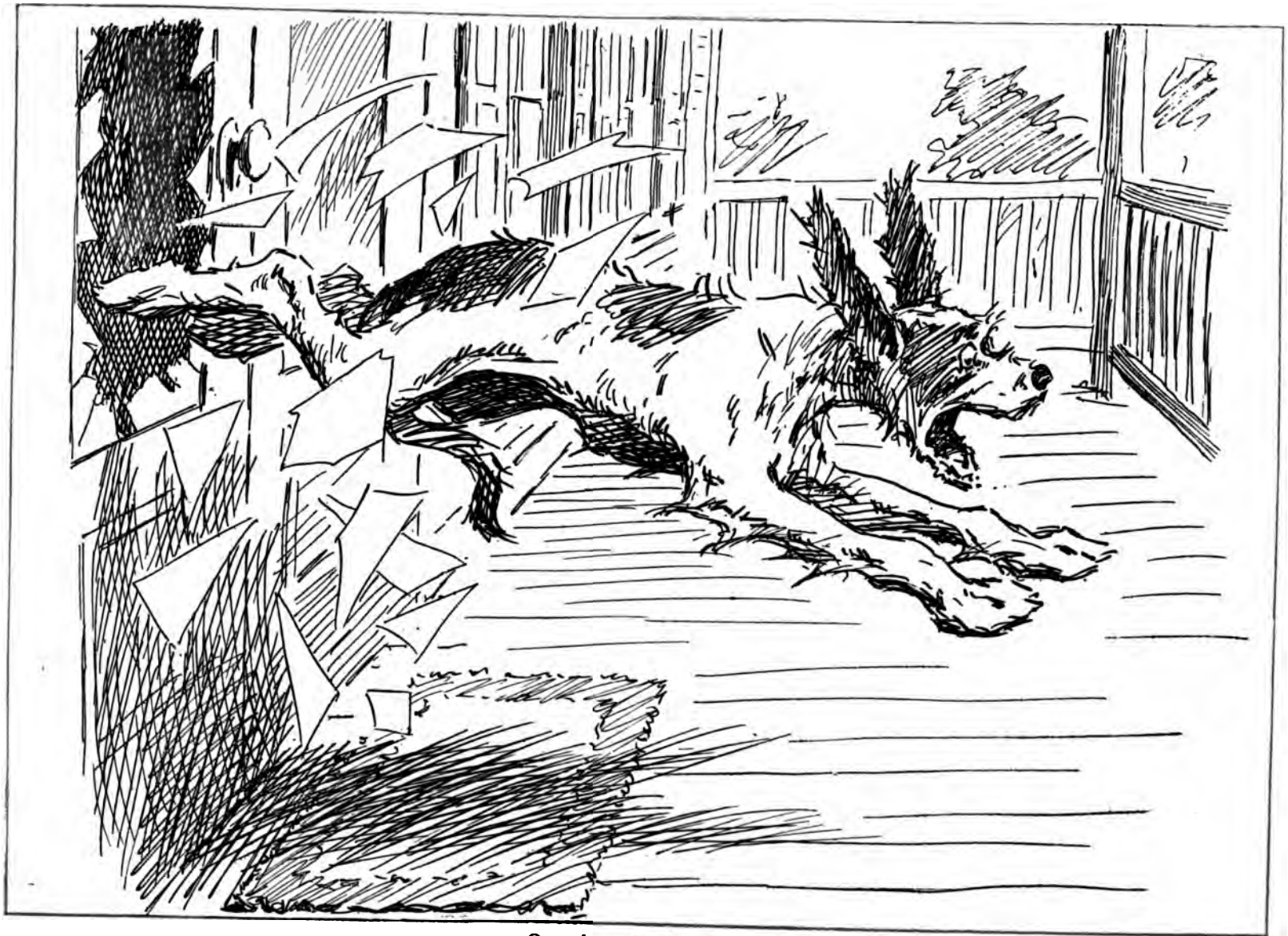


Through the nursery.

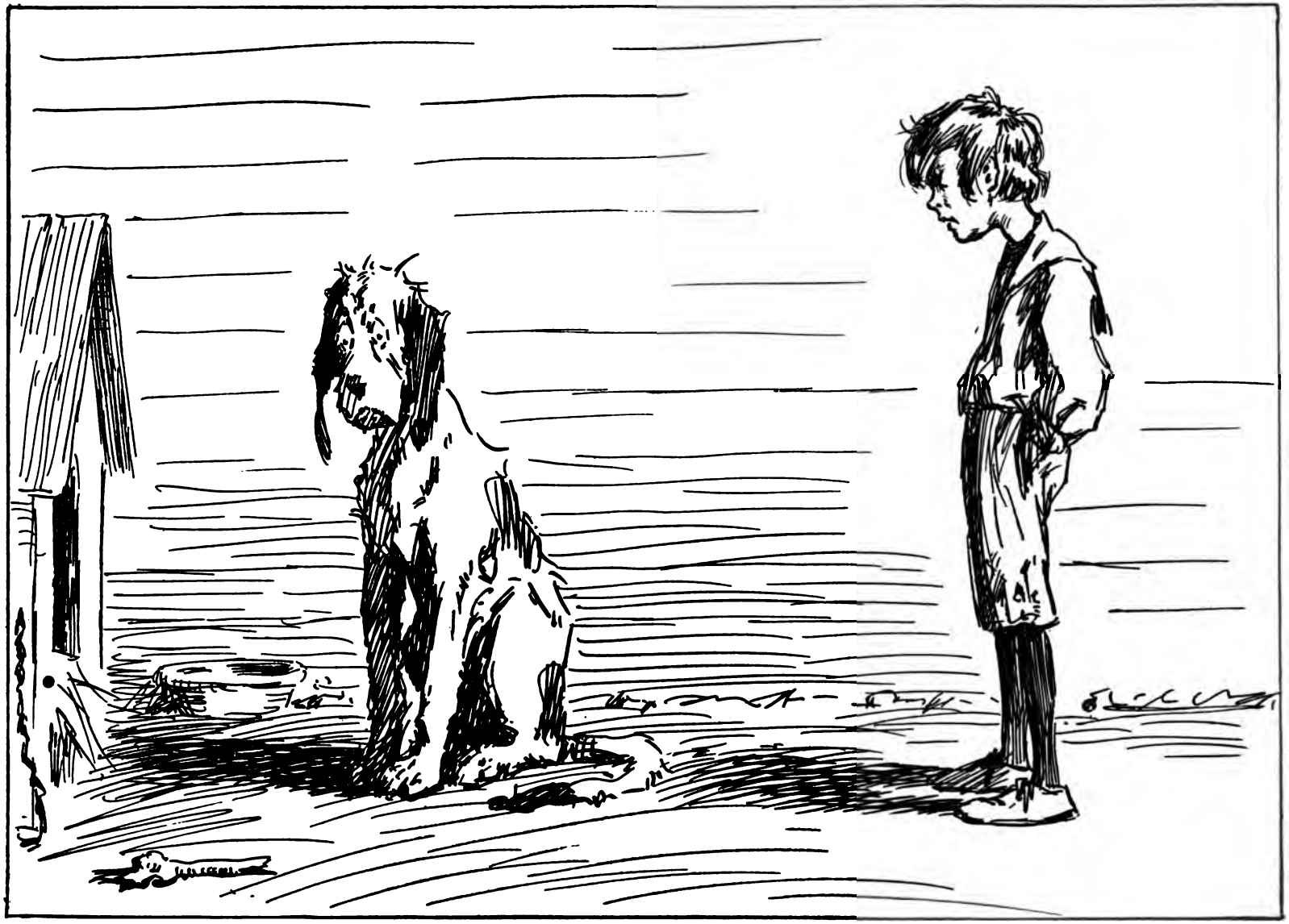
Into Gran'ma's room (Gran'ma is in the closet).



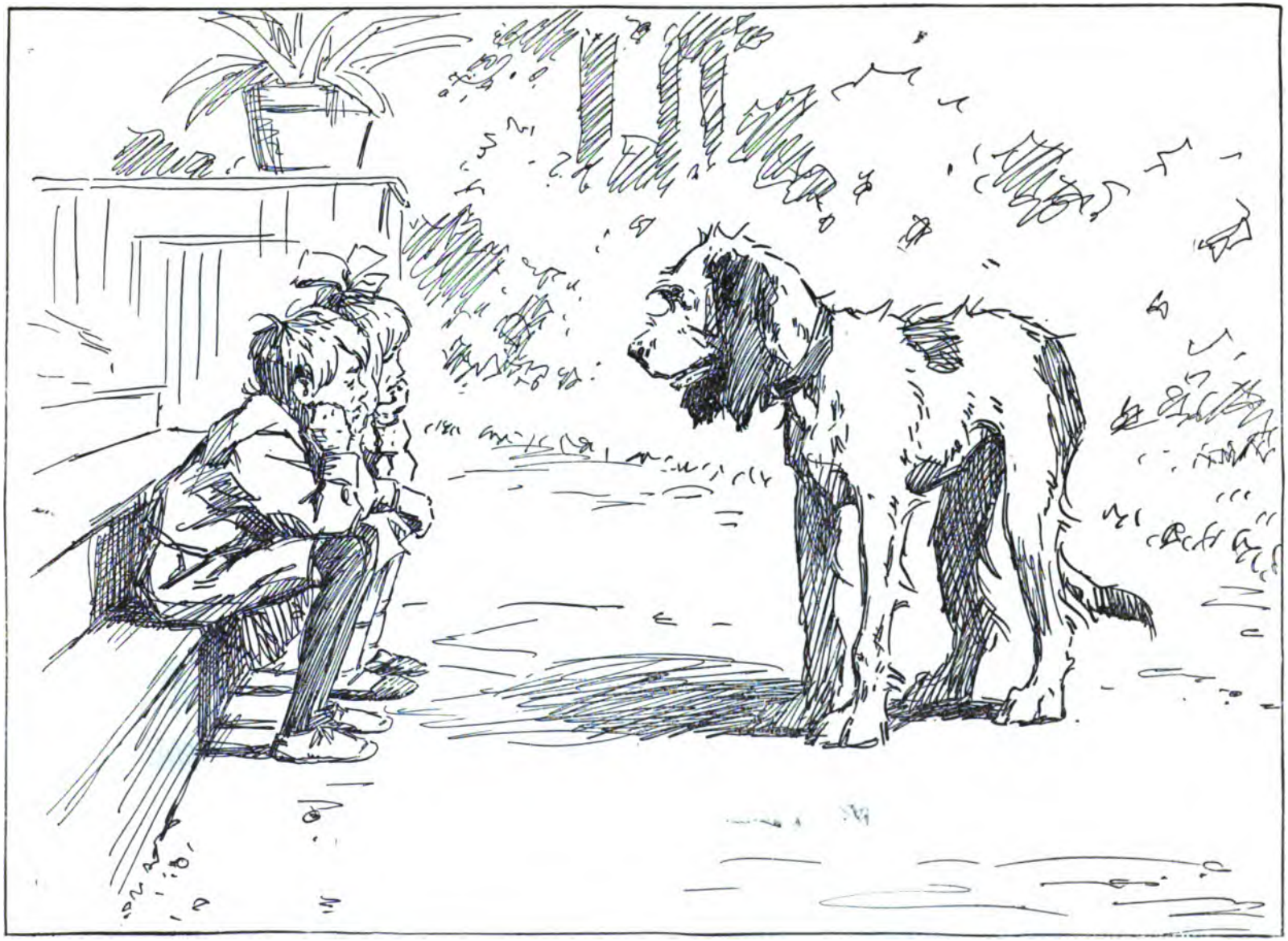
Down the stairs.



Out through the door.

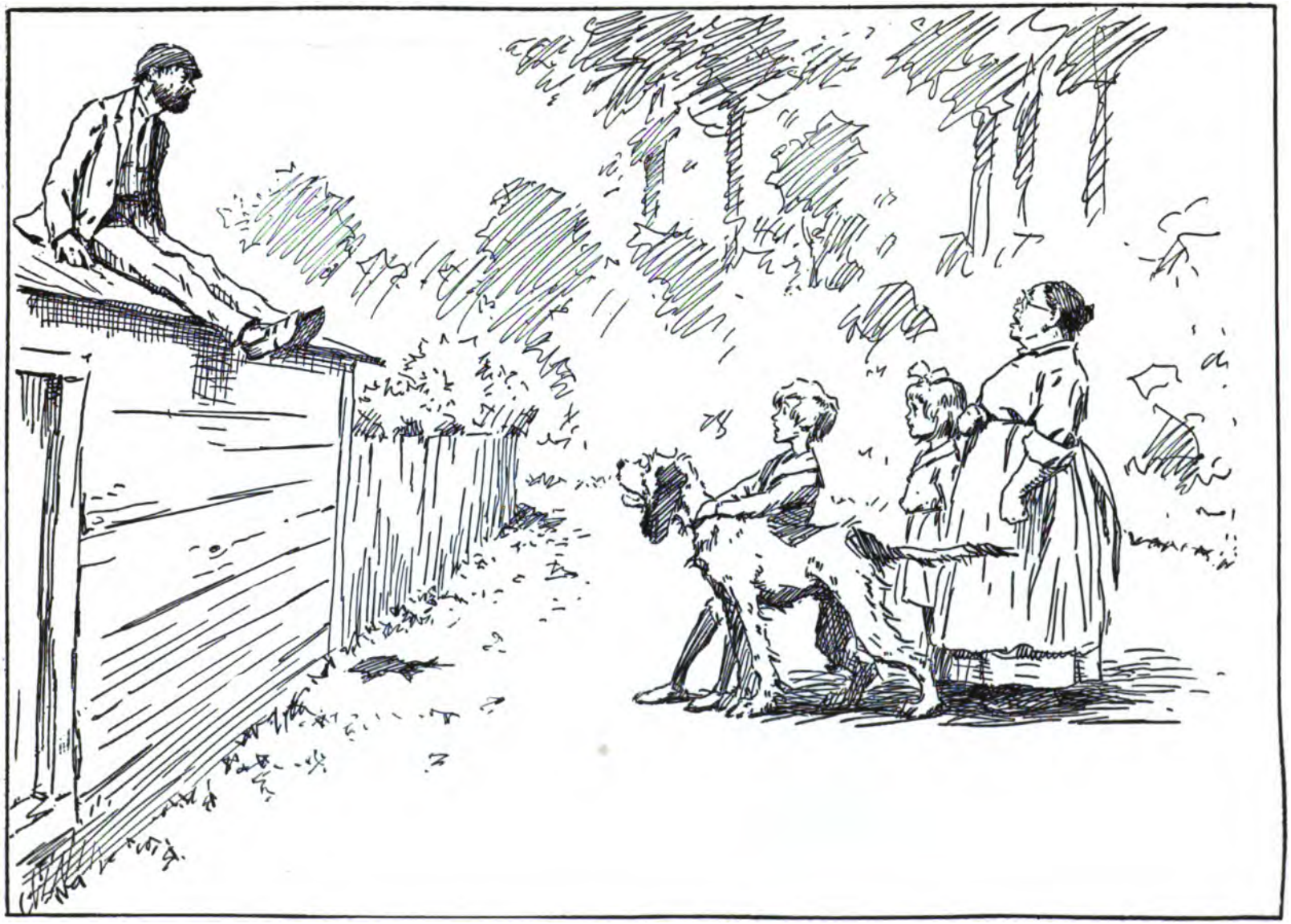


"I ain't a bit sorry for you, you ole fool; I wish they'd lambasted you worse'n they did. I've got a skinned elbow and my cart's all busted an' it's all your fault."

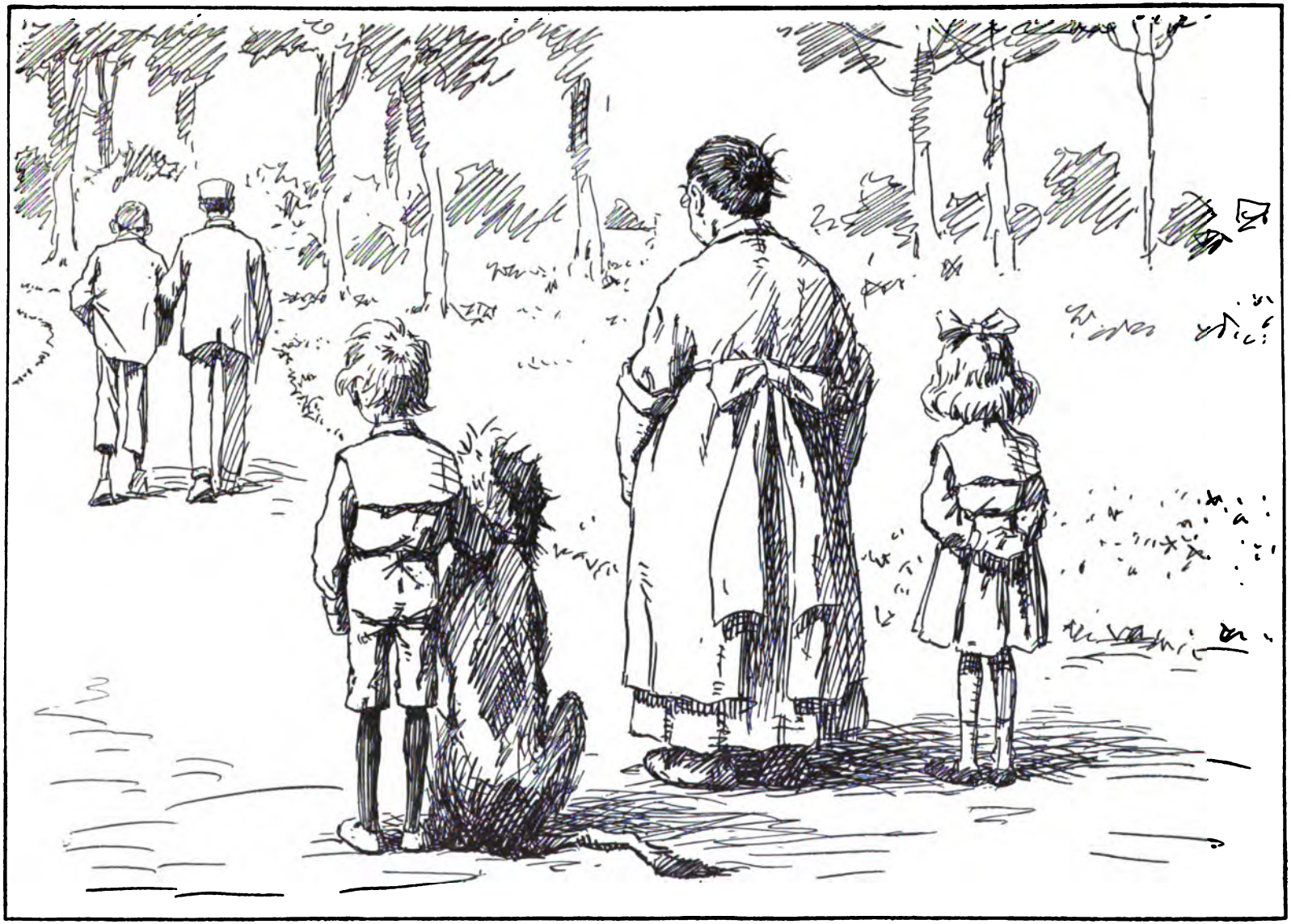


"Aint it awful? Papa says he is going to send Carlo away, he's too expensive. Mr. Brown sent a bill fer $29.90 for damages and five dollars for pacifying the cook."
"What is pacifying the cook?"
"I don't know."
"Let's go 'round to the kitchen and ask Mar'gret."

"I don't want no dry bread. I want bread an' butter, an' meat, an' a cup of coffee, see!"



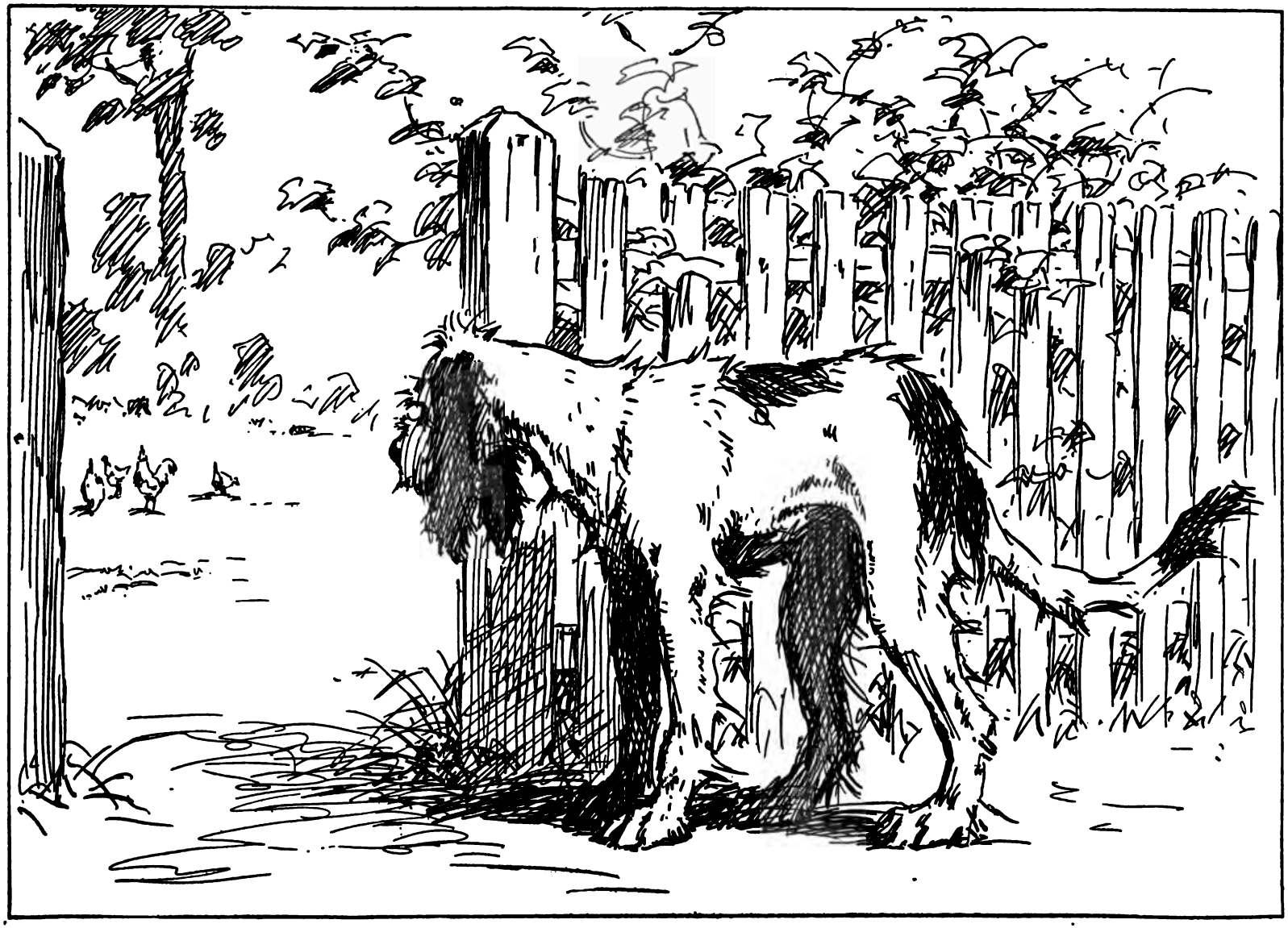
"I'll send you your bread and butter and beefsteak by the waitress while I go telephone fer the perlice."
"That's all right, lady, you go telephone fer the perlice and don't you come back!"



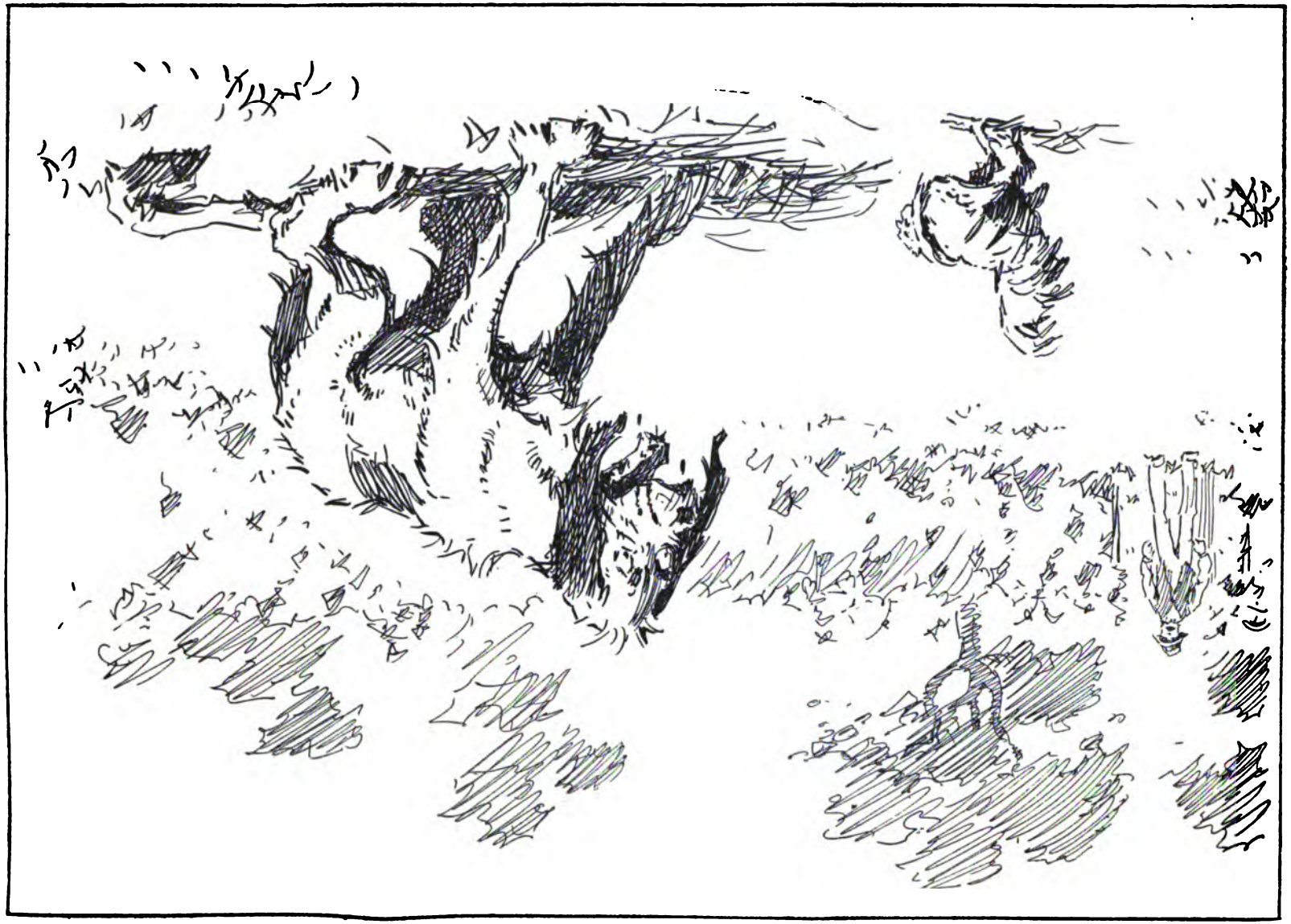
"I'll have the law on 'em, that's what I will. I'll see if a man can't go 'round lookin' fer work without havin' the clothes tore off him."

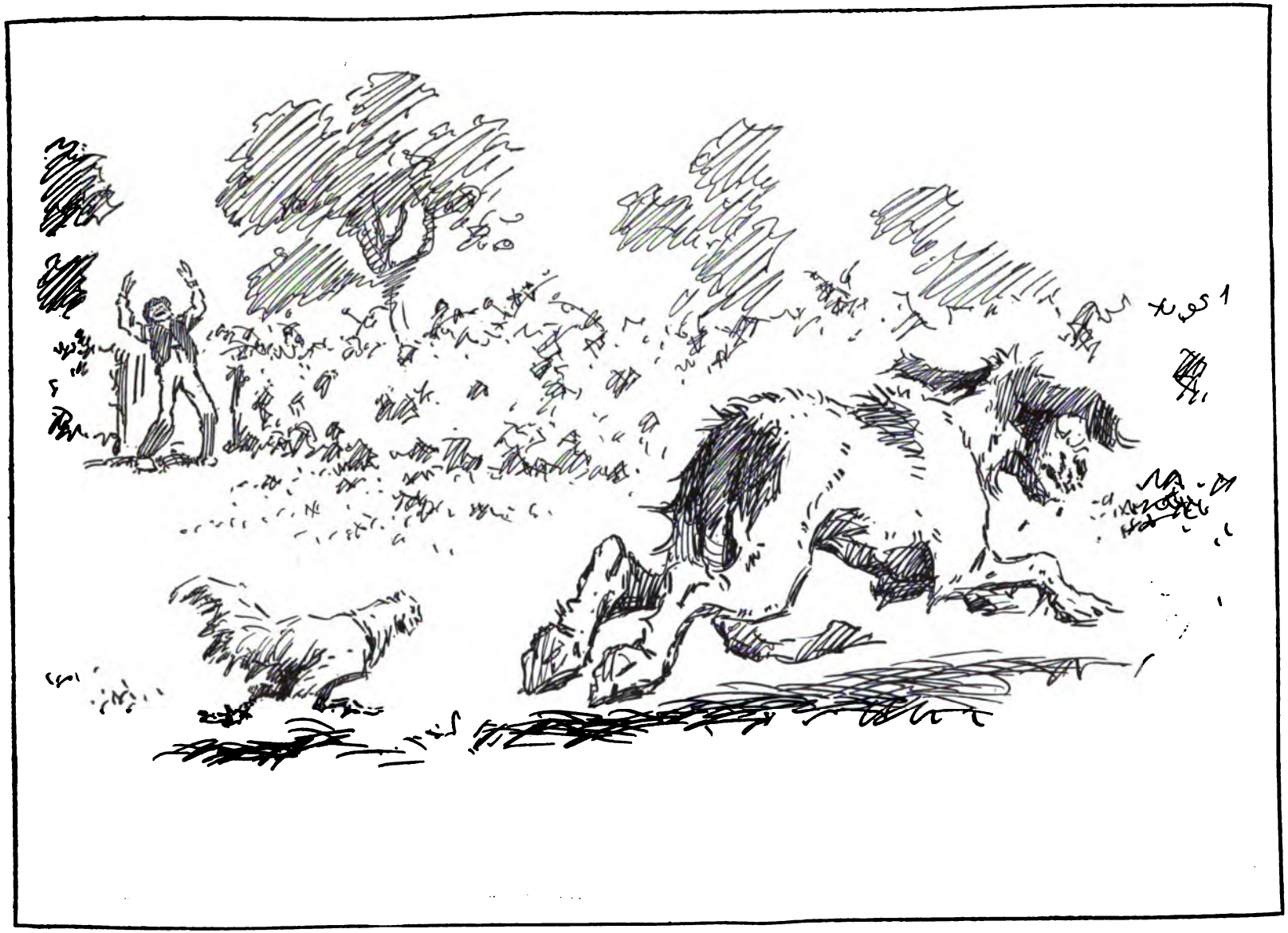
Papa from the porch: "No, indeed, we can't part with Carlo.
We would have no protection against tramps and burglars if we did."

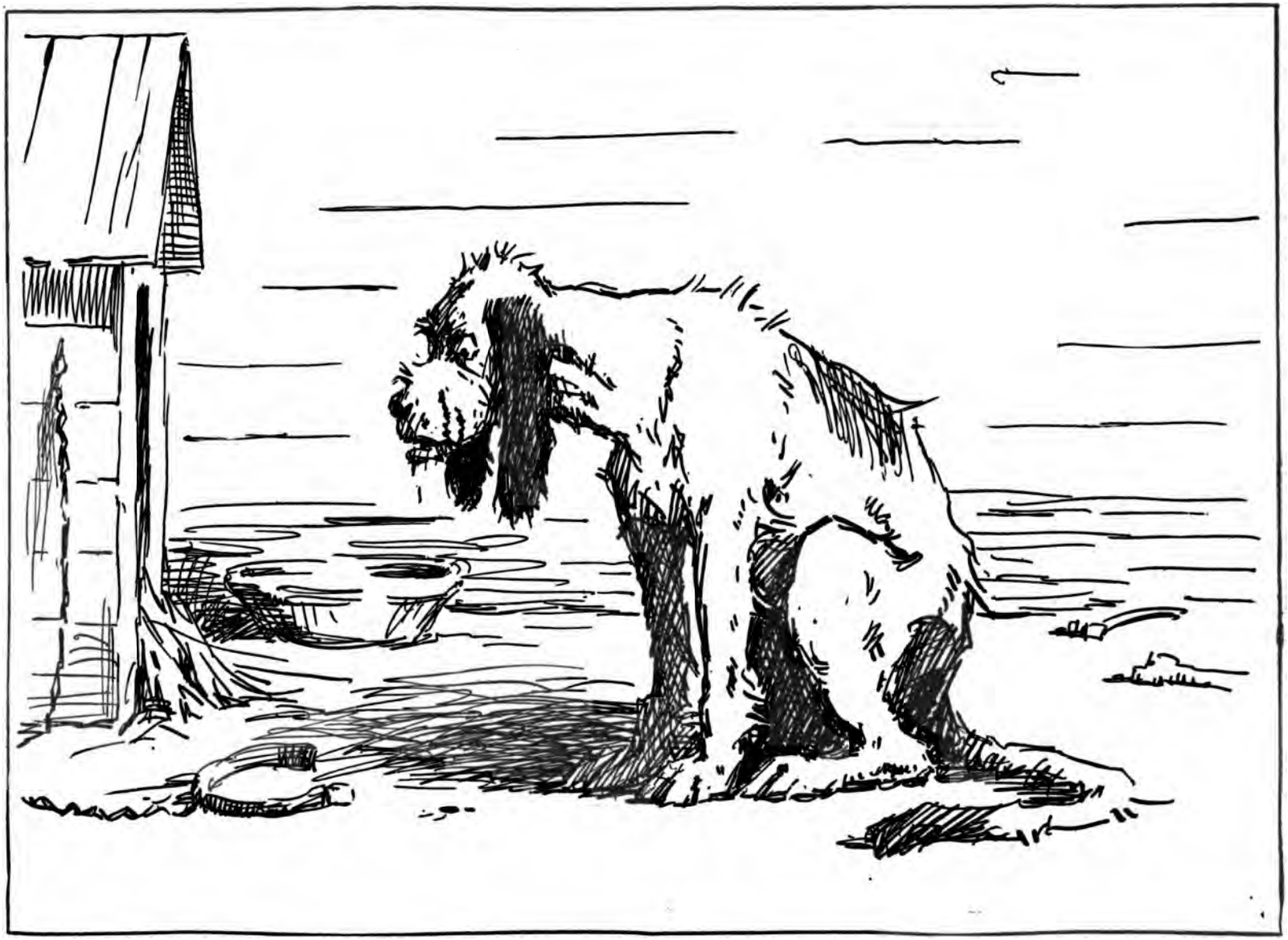
"For Hivin's sake! Where hev you bin?"



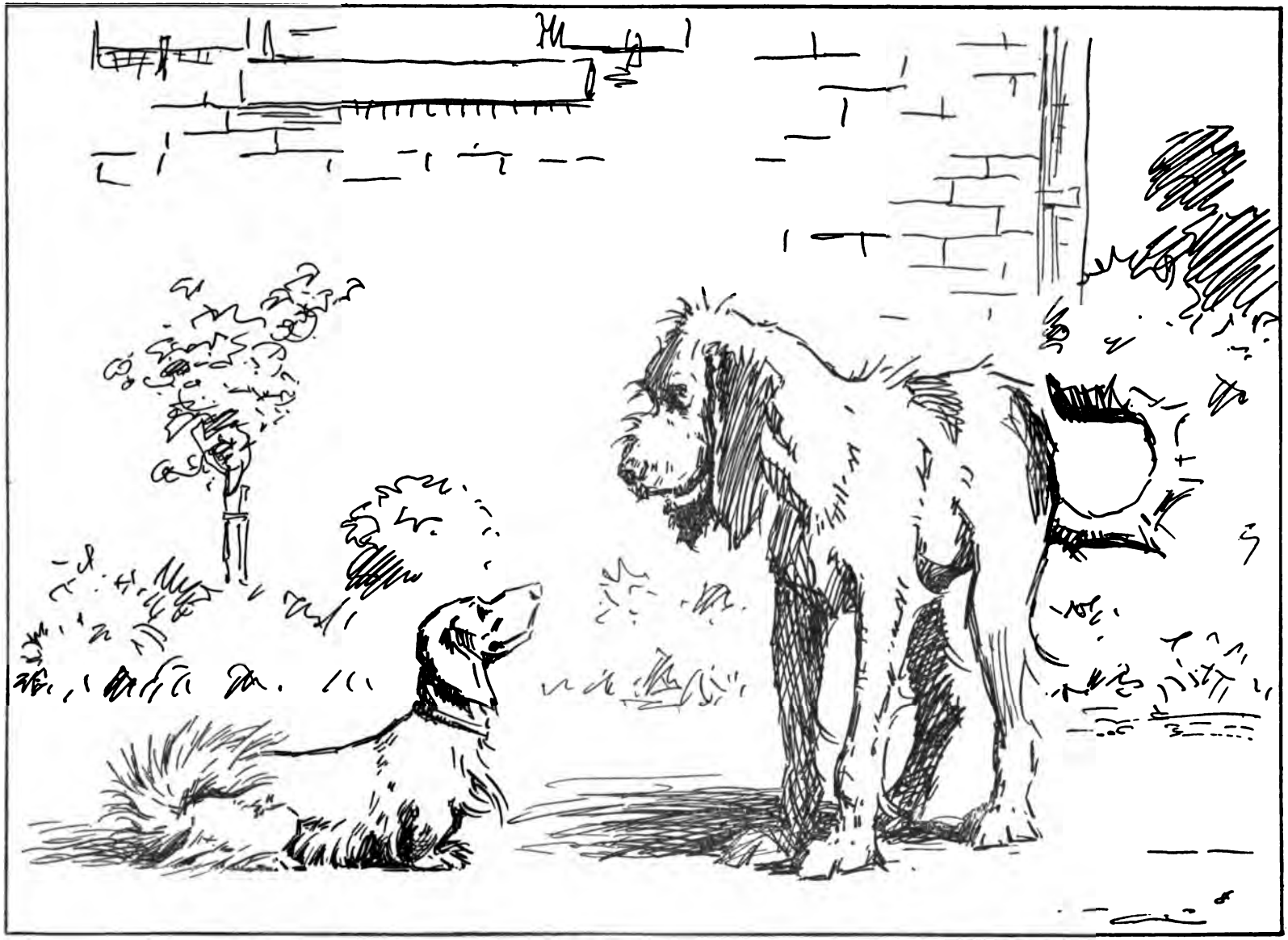
"Hello! There's some new chickens, little ones; I'll have to give them a run. Patrick isn't around, I know."



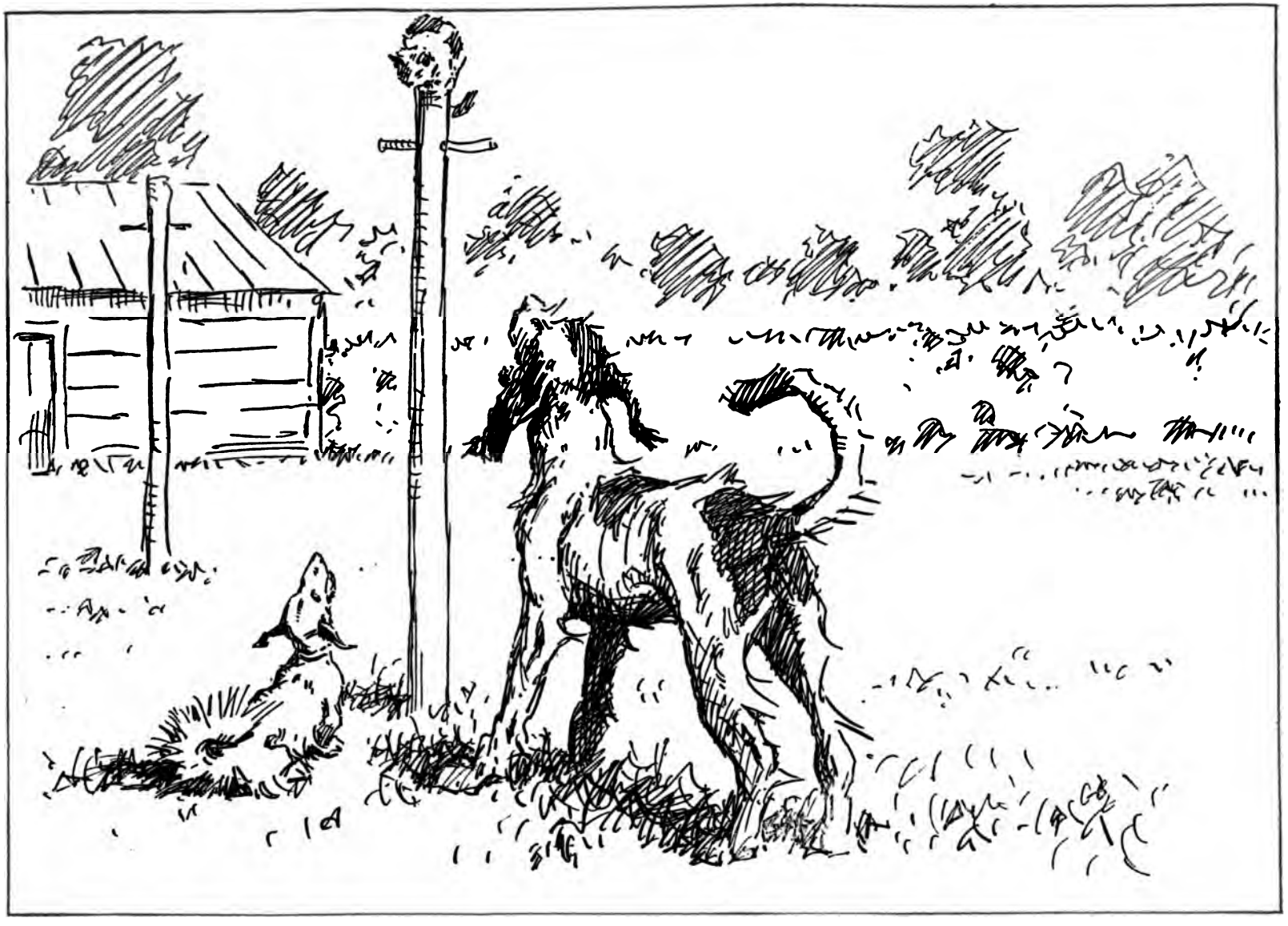


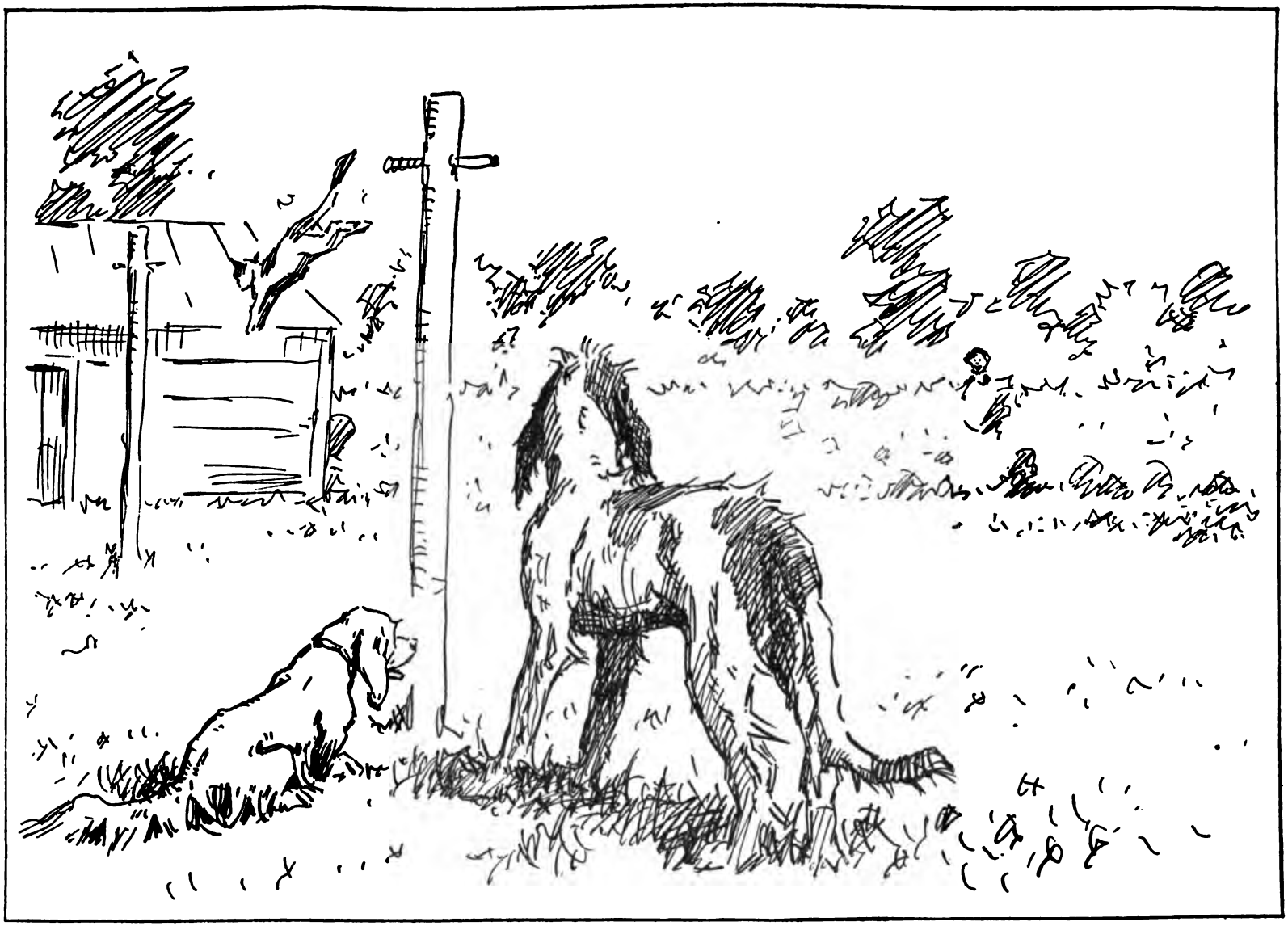


"I wish I could remember the things the boss says when he plays golf."

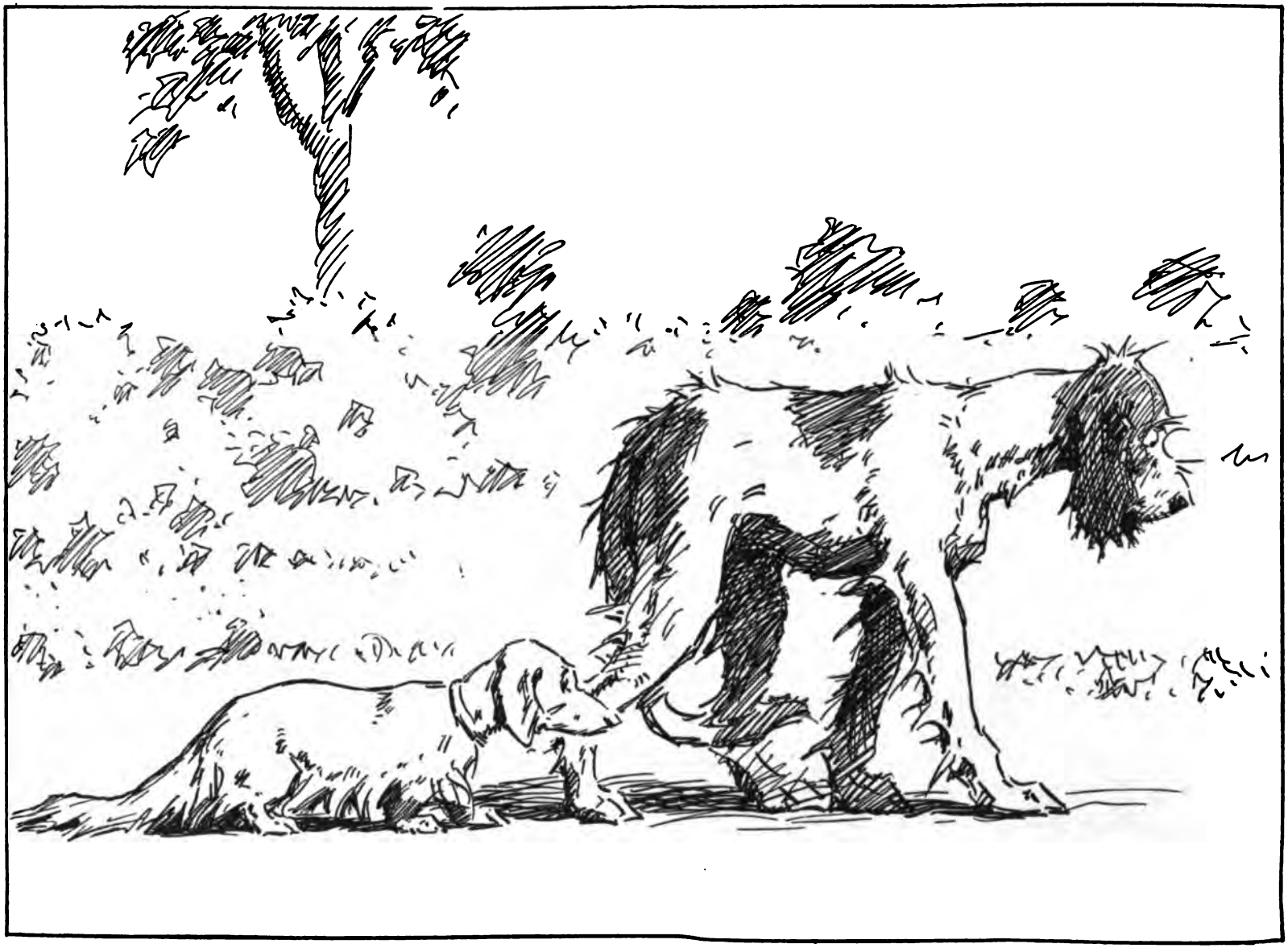


"How de do. Where did you come from?"
"We're making a call, my Missus and I."
"Well, I'm glad to see you: won't you sit down?"
"Thank you, I am sitting down."
"Oh, yes — I see — say, just what *are* you?"
"Who, me? I'm a Dachspitzeranian."
"Well, you're very pretty. My name is Carlo."
"Say, Carlo, is there any fun on this place?"
"Not a bit; if you try to get any, the gardener is always around."
"Well, let's try a cat hunt, anyhow."
"All right, but I know how it will end."

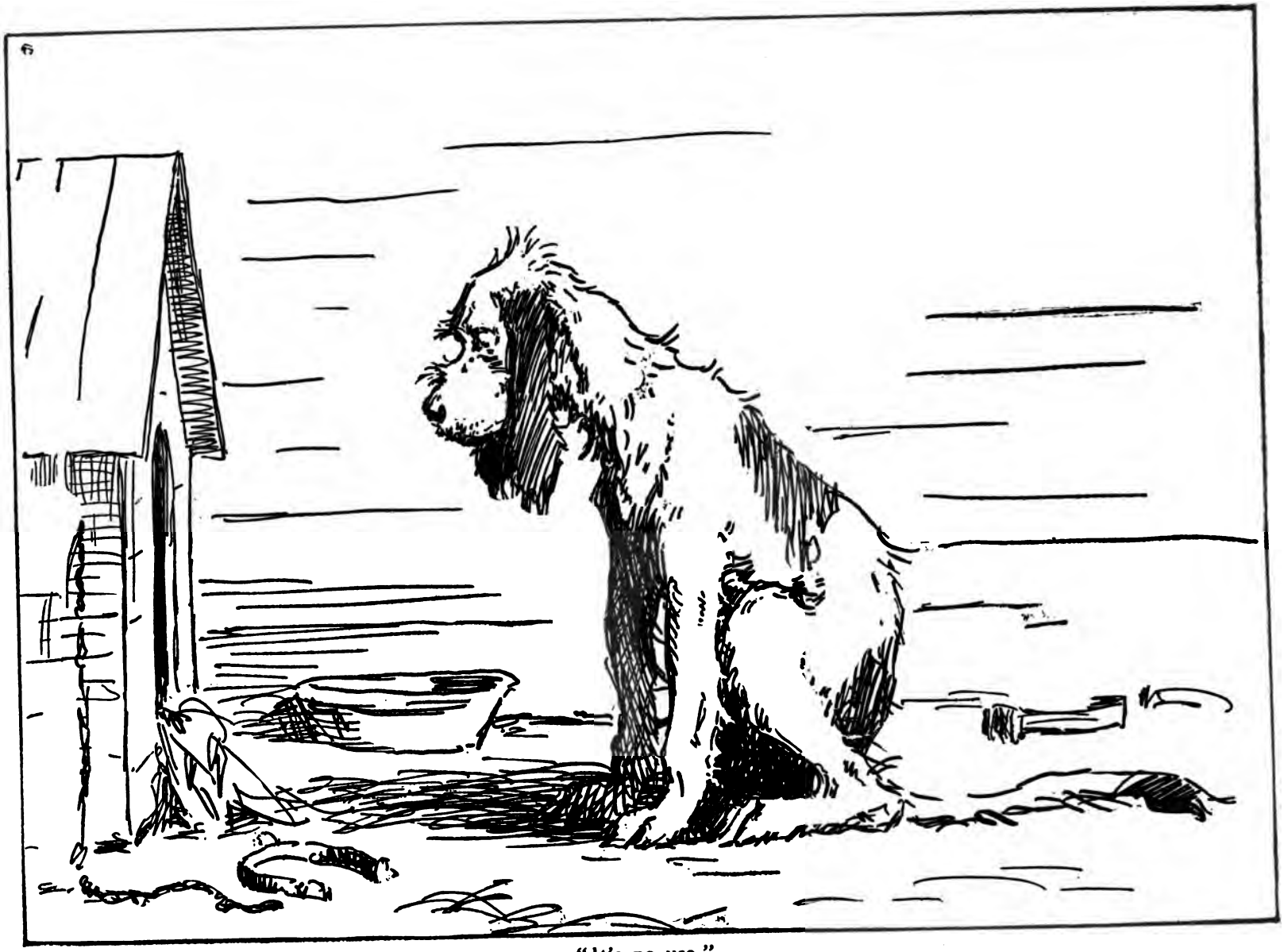




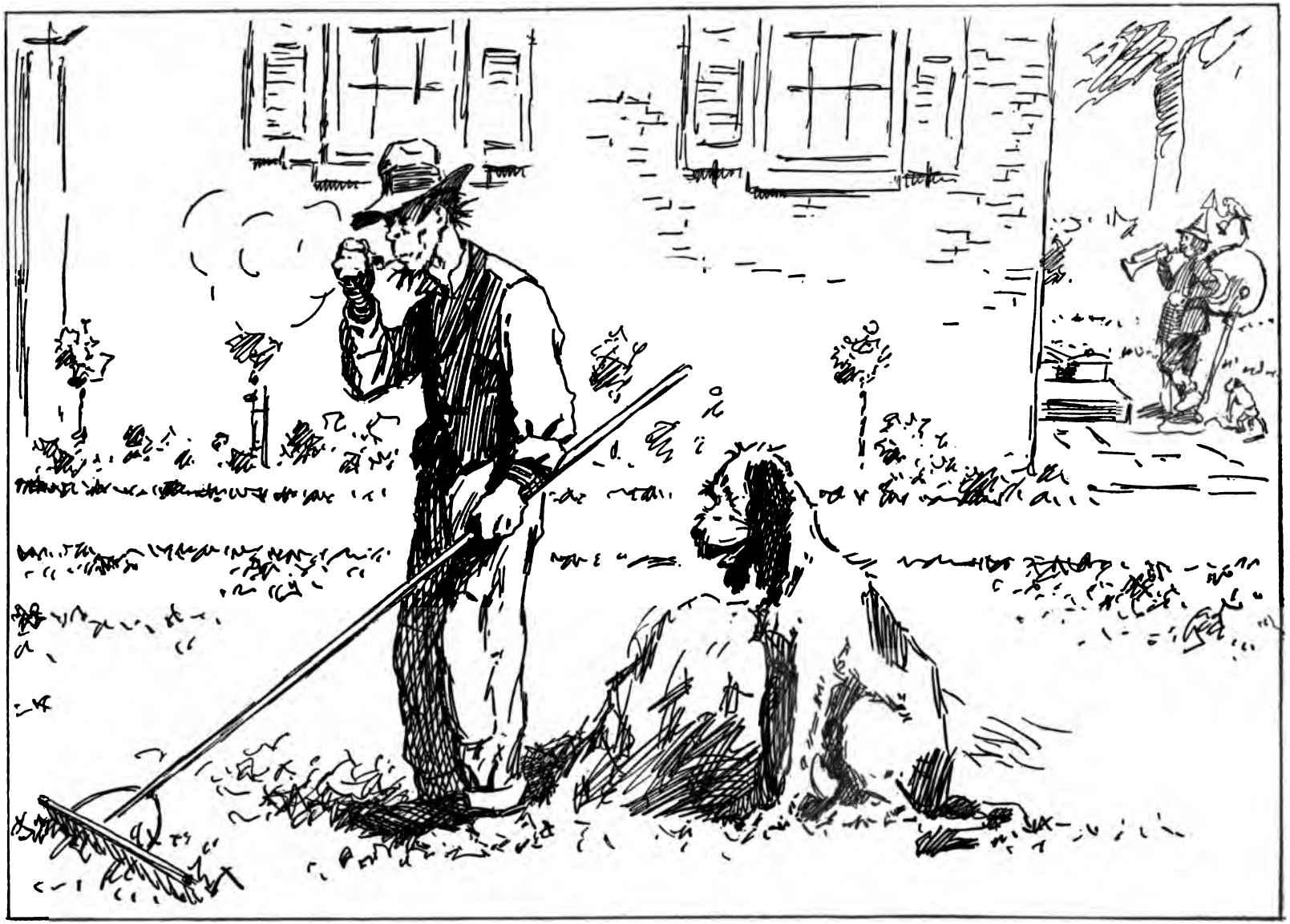
Voice from behind the hedge: "Cock-a-doodle-doo! Shall I call the little rooster?"



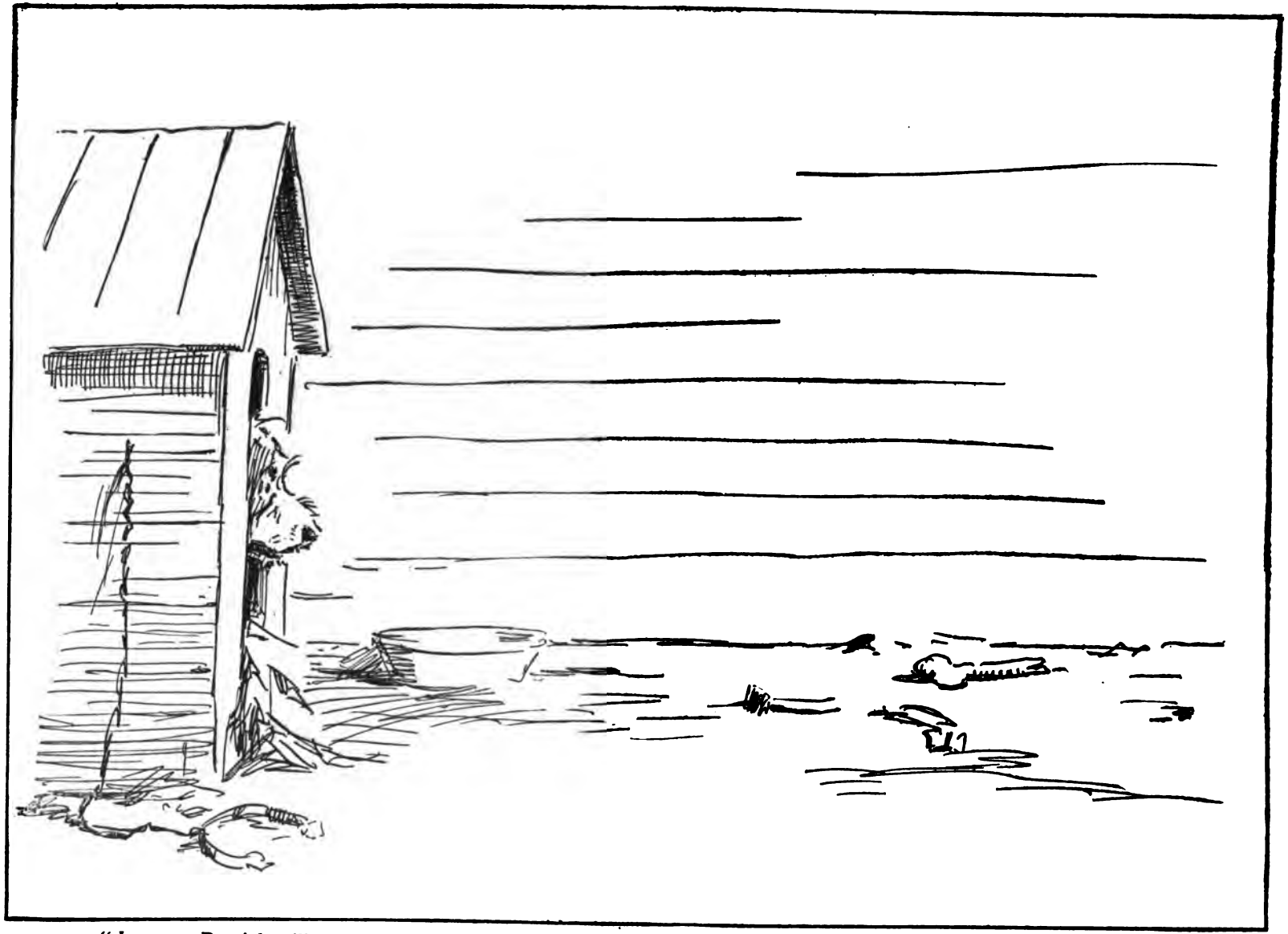
"I told you how it would be."



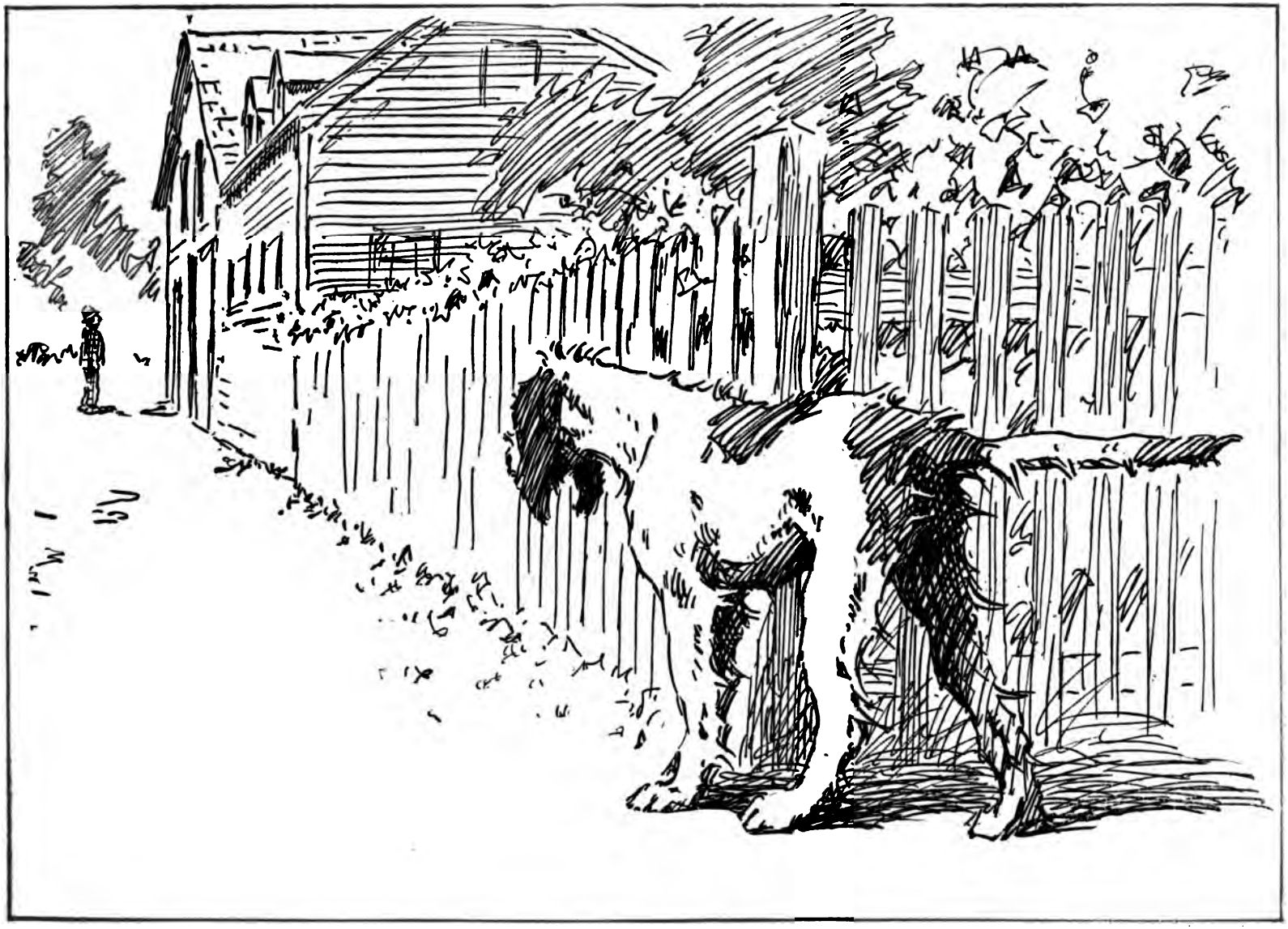
"It's no use."



"Give him another one fer me, Pat; sure the hand's scalded clane off of me!"

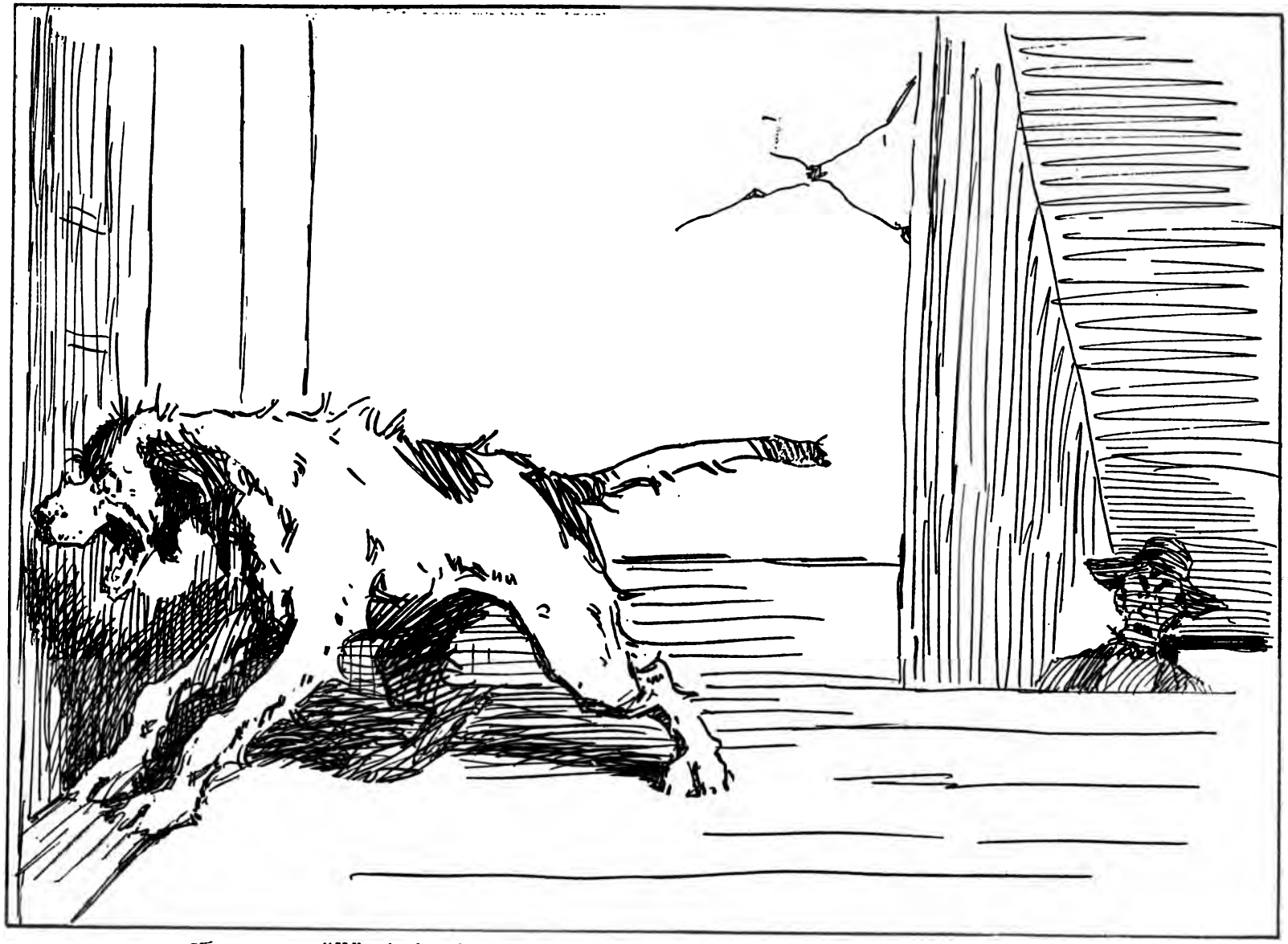


" I expect Patrick will kill me, but I couldn't help it. I dreamt those awful things were tied to my tail again."



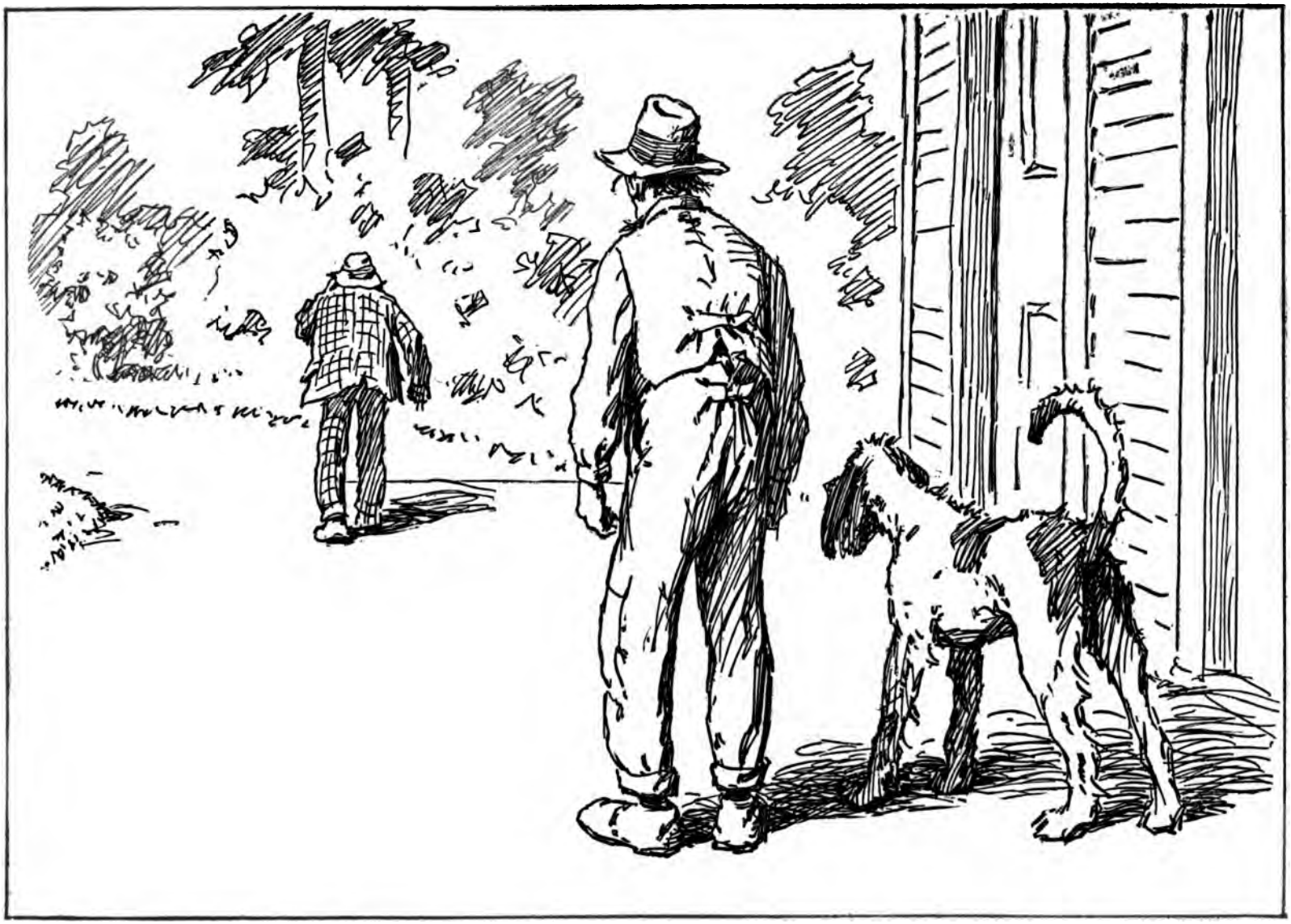
"That's one of the men who tied those things to my tail. I'll bite him if I get killed for it."

"Da dog! !"



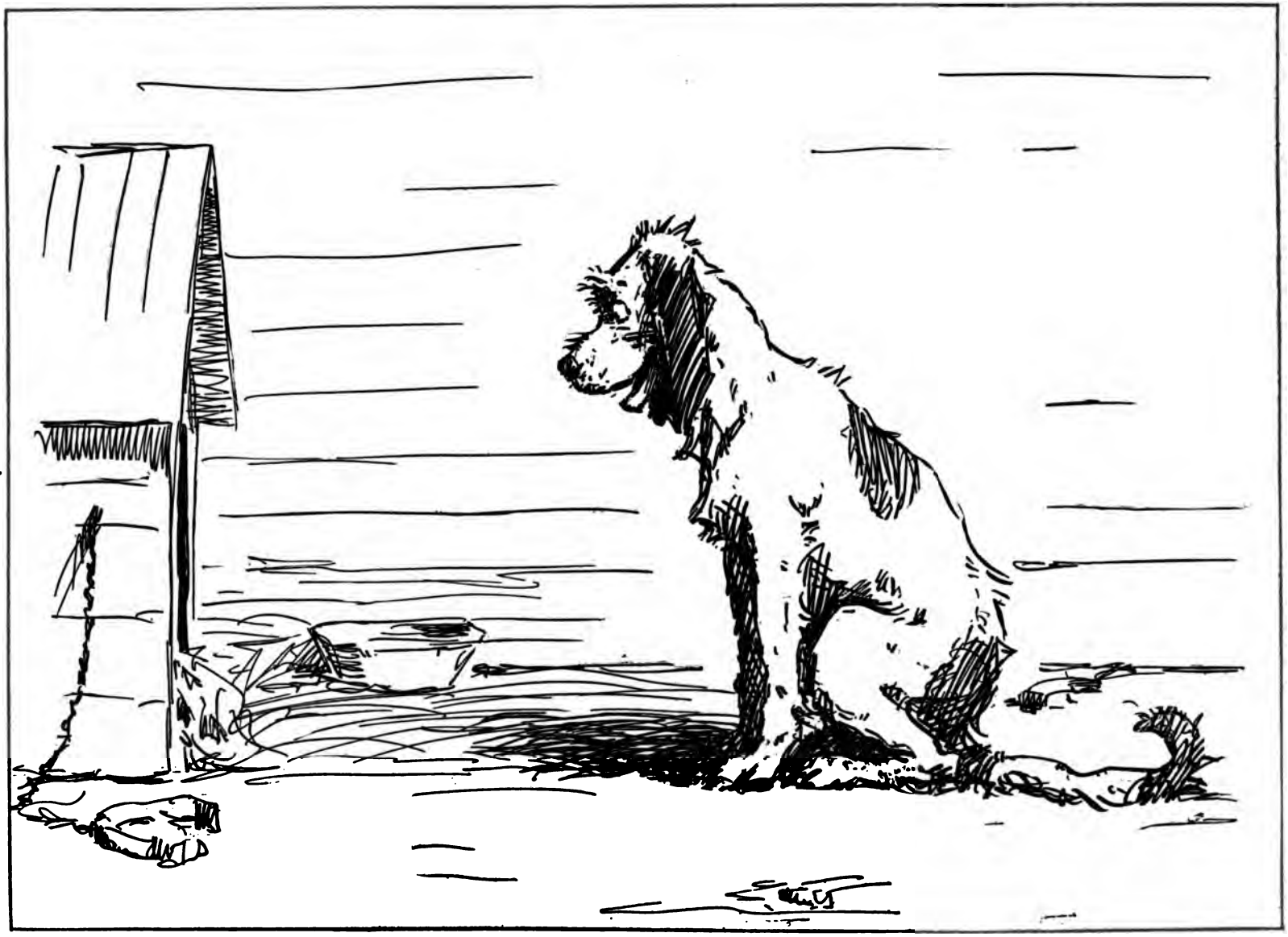
"What's that dog up to now? Drivin' cats into my room, I expect."

"—— the divil of a place to be lookin' fer work, under my bed!"



"You come aroun' here lookin' fer work agin an' I'll work yer!"

"You're the foine dawg, that's what you are! Thim sneak thieves an' tramps hev no show at all while you're aroun'."



"This is the first time I've come out ahead. Patrick nearly shook him to pieces and scared him to death, and all I did was to jump around and make a noise, and Patrick thinks I'm the finest dog living."

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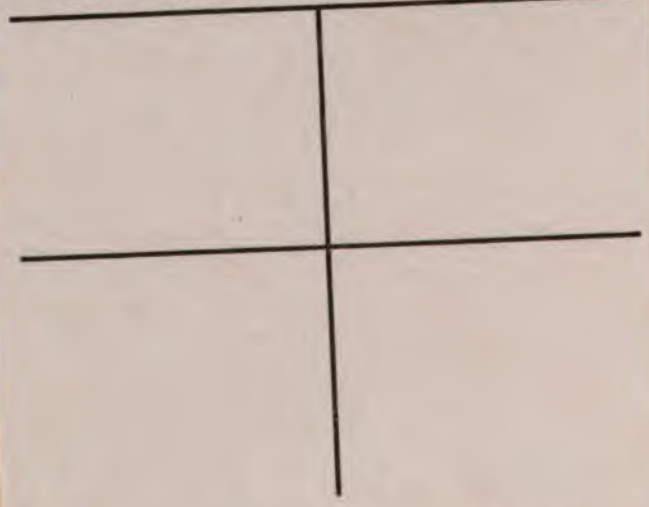

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